

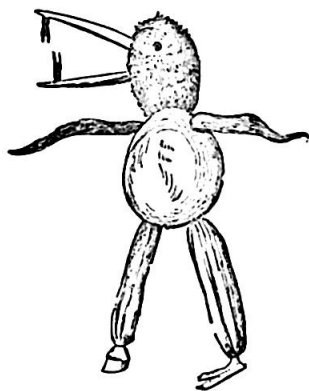
jubilat

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jubilat is published twice yearly at the
University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

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Submissions: Manuscripts are read year round
and must be accompanied by a stamped,
self-addressed envelope. Simultaneous
submissions must be noted as such.
We do not accept electronic submissions.

Subscriptions: Individuals \$14 per year or \$26
for two years. Institutions \$28 per year or
\$52 for two years. Please add \$5 for
Canadian and foreign subscriptions.
Single issues are available for \$8.

Distributed by Ingram, DeBoer,
and Small Press Distributors.

Design by Quale Press.

Special thanks to: Fred Byron,
Lee Edwards, Anne Herrington,
& Eliza Vaillant.

jubilat is funded in part by the UMass Arts
Council & the UMass Alumni Association.

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ISSN: 1529-0999

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Original cover art and design
 JEFF HILLIARD & NINA SWIFT

DEAR OWL

Eugene Ostashevsky

Dear Owl
you have big eyes

feathers that stick in all different directions
you wake up

your panties are funny
You hear

the sounds words make
as they plead for life

that's all that remains
of the language of language

O Owl
among leaves

what is this forest
of "letters," black light

of unintelligible suns
I cannot see

who I am
who you are

the difference between good and evil
the end of human desire

how to tell the truth
and why

Is this my life
Are you in it

NATIVE

Gillian Conoley

Let me see
if I can understand you as part of the architecture

though it is the architecture of the place

that keeps killing me, dream of sky that stays
perfect blue foam, dream unfurling

gone and fusing like a hand that has fallen
into place.

You are at the pond

and the beach and over the want ads

and then I have the quieter
impulse to paint
beneath envy's carriage
along eternity's mill.

Earth kicking me up in the form of the human,

and taking the meaning
and giving back the meaning

as the photographs do with the life.

Before rheumy eyes
before young strapping eyes.

A mystery you didn't step over
the white painted hot dog stand

dwarf autumn marigold

a gold chain to look, and look away.

To looky here lies your
empty leg, your empty leg of even gin I would give you

for just the hint of I
I essence
I nuance up the flue.

For the rheumy eyes
For the young strapping eyes.

And begin bicycling a side road in the gaping jaws of

sweet anthem that plays
but follows like murder like entropy like lassitude,

a shade, and then a plain, and then a majesty.

Abandoned on the shore

a red towel,

oh my automaton odalisque.

The sun and the wind and the resultant white cloud
then the car gone off in yellow traffic like a “so there”
might we have in conversation,
as in who am I to write this, who
Who who is speaking most whoever-ly,
Who, you are pale
though always
you are social.
As ever, it is water from a spring
to walk with you

“HOLD ME CLOSER THAN THAT”

Laura Sims

We grew up among gross noises
in the global city,
incorporated as moss,
a moss-covered spot,
something inert
and slyly musical in the transplanted bamboo grove

sallied forth among systems,
hybrid and otherwise

raised pigment from sand,
revealed ourselves as a flash of white shirt
at the edge of the candlelit revel,
as you who mark yourselves with hiccoughs and sex

hiccough,
navigate Thebes.

We let in the wolves
wearing white shirts over their hair,
the word "hirsute"
culled from its dazzling height,
the myth from its canopied bedroom

saw the small beauty queen
on her basement deathbed
or bathtub,
candied in permanent drag

pared the nails of the parers who wielded tape

for the closing of mouths,

we wore her stars and stripes to the outside of parties,
heeding those who heeded words,
clearly

as you hailed these marks
we healed the skin around the sutures.
She was inappropriately young.

At the who's-who birthday party
courting doom into youth
and back out,
she flicked her lids and followed us
to the fountain's center
where a bed-shaped island
lay buried under sand
at great cost to the city's makers.

FETUS IN ORBIT

L.S. Klatt

I played with the pre-cows in outer space

they were cows of a higher mathematics

amoebas absent hoofs

no tails to sweep the sparkles

but I was at home in their blacks & whites

the folds, the solar system

then I was told I would eat a thousand cows

I lay there, disbeliever, like a figure 8 in milk

FLORA AND FAUNA IN MARIANNE MOORE

Ian West

whales—fish—seagulls—peacock—pine—lobster—salt marsh grass—
flowers—trees—trumpet-vine—fox—glove—giant snap-dragon—salpiglos-
sis—morning-glories—gourds—moon vines—cat-tails—flags—blue-
berries—spiderwort—striped grass—lichens—sunflowers—asters—
daisies—yellow and crab-claw ragged sailors with green bracts—toad-
plant—petunias—ferns—pink lilies—blue ones—tigers—poppies—
black sweet-peas—banyan—frangipani—jack-fruit trees—serpent—ring
lizard—cats—cobras—rats—newt—spider—animals—fish—hen—
weeds—beanstalk—snakes—yew—cat's eyes of the owl—willow—jer-
boa—pine—fir—peacock—crocodiles—baboons—giraffes—serpent—
hippopotami—dappled dog-cats—antelopes—dikdik—ibex—eagles—
impalas—onigers—wild ostrich—cranes—mongooses—storks—anoas—
Nile geese—planes—dates—limes—pomegranates—pink flowers—tame
fish—small frogs—ichneumon—snake—badger—camel—goose—duck—
buck—rhinoceros—locust—pig-tailed monkey—cactus—fig—frog—
egg—plant—bees—calla—petunia—silk-worm—cows—serpents—bee-
tles—snakes—Pharaoh's rat—mongoose—desert rat—field-mouse—
palm-trees—ivory bed—tiny cactus—sand—brown jumping-rat—fawn—
breasted bower-bird—fawn-breast—chipmunk—bird—fish—fern—kan-
garoo—camellia sabina—briar—black-thorn pigeon—cucumber—Gloria
mundi—amanita—white petals—mushroom—beet-root—plants—scent-
less nosegay—food-grape—wild mouse—wild parsnip—sunflower—
morning-glory—Prince of Tails—meadow-mouse—eels—scallops—

serpents—swan—fawn—bird—cockscorn—dahlias—sea—urchins—
everlastings—flowers—plumet basilisk—lizard—amphibious falling
dragon—Malay dragon—nutmeg—orchids—nut-tree—*myristica fragrans*—
serpent-dove—butterfly—bat—air-plant—tuatera—sea lizards—alligator—
bird-reptile—petrel—frilled lizard—three-horned chameleon—sapotans—
basilisk—palm—vines—ferns—peperomias—sour-grass—orchids—
bushes—fox—vines—monkey—gourd—frog—bird—water-bug—fish—
spider—woods—trees—nightingale—porcupine—palm-trees—hawk's-
head moths—black-chinned humming-birds—alligator—bird—jaguars—
bats—pigeon—frigate pelican—frigate bird—hurricane-bird—fish—
hay—sheep—animal—swan—eagle—python—buffalo—bison—lion—
birds—ox—Aurochs—beast—Siamese-cat—zebu—red-skinned
Hereford—piebald Holstein—human—elephant—maple—Indian buffa-
lo—tiger—nectarines—peaches—bees—peach *Yu*—red-cheeked peach—
Italian peach-nut—Persian plum—unantlered moose—Iceland horse—
ass—shrub-tree—flower—kylin—pony—camel-haired unicorn—ante-
lope—crow—mussel—rice—jelly—fish—crabs—lilies—submarine
toadstools—palm—tree—animal—pup—swan—willows—flamingo—
maple—ant—flower-bed—lawn—monkeys—snakes—zebras—elephants—
cats—parakeets—hemp—rye—flax—horses—fur—cats—katydid—
porcupine—seaweed—southern snake—alligator—eel—mouse—frog—
animal—hen—Chinese cherry—raccoon—dog—lawn—badger—goat—
gourds—butterfly—snails—cockroaches—silkworms—grass—cats—
dogs—poisonous toadstools—mushrooms—fish—deer—birds—arti-
choke—snipe—fir—turkey—fish—water-spiders—seaweed—tortoise—
fighting—cocks—dragon—fly—lemon—pear—grapes—vineyard—
mule—tadpole—pig—wild geese—snake—ermine—foxes—deer—eagle—
beaver—calico horses—berries—otter—beaver—puma—dogs—dromios—
pugs—oak—fir—rhododendron—peacocks—roses—cedars—trout—
crow—bat—mosquito—mouse—lemon-leaf—poincianas—mocking-

birds—fringed lilies—hibiscus—black butterflies—tan goats—lizards—
 acacia—orchids—chameleon—snakes—mongooses—asp—snake—
 grass—tortoise—chameleon—animal—flies—duck—ant—spider—
 Dracontine cockatrices—sea—serpent—cypress—supertadpoles—willow—
 serpent—snakeskin—monster—oyster—leopards—giraffes—lemon—
 nightingale—apple—ferns—lotus flowers—opuntias—white dromedaries—
 hippopotamus—snake—apple—eagle—trees—garden—blue panther—
 basalt panther—bear—orchids—snakes—monster—lion—butterfly—
 waterfly—cow—octopus—periwinkles—python—spider—anemone—
 fir—larches—spruce—twigs—cypress—goat—bears—elk—deer—
 wolves—goats—ducks—porcupine—rat—beavers—bears—ant—
 berry—bushes—stag—goat—antelope—ermine—creatures—nine-
 striped chipmunk—water ouzel—white-tailed ptarmigan—heather-
 bells—alpine buckwheat—eagles—snail—marmot—ponies—spotted little
 horses—birch-trees—ferns—lily-pads—avalanche lilies—Indian paint-
 brushes—bear's ears—kittentails—chlorophyllless fungi—moss—white
 flowers of the rhododendron—rice—tomatoes—dust-brushes—octopus—
 sea unicorns and land unicorns—lions—monoceroses—giant weeds—sea
 snakes—sea unicorn—sea-lions—bears—penguin—land unicorns—
 lions—myrtle—bay—knotts—mulberries—pomegranate—water-lions—
 long-tailed bear of Ecuador—beasts—dogs—salamander—the one-
 beam'd beast—equine monster—monkey—pine-lemur—Paduan cat—
 lizard—tiger—bamboo—Foo dog—pine-tree—pine—tiger—conifer—
 lion—chrysanthemum—porcupine—yellow rose—crow—butterflies—
 snail—ape—peacock—golden jay—whale—shade trees—mouse—rein-
 deer—alpine flowers—edelweiss—lion—aepeyornis—roc—moa—camel-
 sparrow—sparrow—bird—chicks—horse—leopard—riding-beast—
 ostrich—duckling—strange birds—auk—giant birds—alert gargantuan
 little-winged, magnificently speedy running bird—sparrow-camel—singing
 tree—tree of knowledge—bookworms—mildews—hens—wolf—smooth

gnarled crape myrtle—brass-green bird—nut—redbird—moths—ladybugs—boot-jack firefly—white-eared black bulbul—nightingale—cardinal-bird—pigeon—hyacinth—elephant—penguin—mocking-birds—pussy-willow tree—beetle—piebald cat—red-bird—trumpet-flower—deer—hackberry—ivy-flower—sycamore—fritillary—ostrich—horse—sting-ray—insect—white wall-rose—grape-vine—ostrich—yew—owl—whippoorwill—lark—katydid—lead-gray lead-legged mocking-bird—pansies—ivy—arbor—jet black pansies—gray-blue-Andalusian cock—saddle-horse—work-mule—show-mule—cowbird—pomegranate—African violet—fuchsia—camellia—glistening green magnolia—gardenia—bees—crape-myrtle—raccoon—bear—terrapin—rattlesnake—frogs—cotton-mouth snakes—loping wolf—tobacco-crop—strangler figs—banyan—deer—fig—silkworm-mulberry—brown hedge-sparrow—caraway seed-spotted sparrow—dew-drenched juniper—lark—live oak—cypress—English hackberry—fern—fly—peacock—buzzard—purple-coral fuschia—tree—hen—linnet—stag—great green-eyed cat—lemur—aye-aye—angwan-tibo—potto—loris—pangolin—spruce—artichoke—ant-eater—beast—driver-ant—elephant—wasp—griffons—mammal—nautilus—devil-fish—ram—crab—hydra—wasp—Parthenon horse—strawberry—hedgehog—starfish—apple—hazel-nuts—rubber-plant—*kok-saghyz*—prickly-pear—carrots—mandrakes—ram's-horn root—grape—cherry—wood-weasel—skunk—chipmunk—goat—cuttlefish—Chilcat—moth—otter—pole-cat—elephants—wistaria—mouse—frog—gnat—tiger—gourd—swan—crustacean-tailed equine amphibious creatures—axe-tree—snowy egret—gannet—pine—deer—spruce—dogs—frogs—fish—dolphin—katydid—apteryx—awl—kiwi—dove—lion—moths—thistledown—hedgehog—echidna—echinoderm—spiny pig—porcupine—pig—salamander—lizard—lion-cubs—animals—cattle—fern—elephant—beast—grass—elephant—woodpecker—sparrow—hayseed—fish—fir—owl—pussy—foxtail—pansy—moth—owl—cork oak acorn—

rhinoceros—porcupine—fern—thistle of jet—eider—moss—ermine—
bat—violet—crow—whale—mule—snail—cottontail—porpoise—
centaurs—giraffe—tiger—cat—monkey—greyhound—mule—sponge—
albino giraffe—Hampshire pig—butterfly—camel—grass—field-mouse—
rosemary—bee—Christmas-tree—fireflies—viper—bull—banana—
mammoth—bird—dragon—silkworm—chameleon—grape—jelly-
fish—grass—locust-leaf—goat—egret—moss-rose—balsam—tan-
bark—tobacco—weed—mouse—daffodil—lizard—violet—lime—
grasshopper—pear—pin-oak—iris—violets—sturgeon—camel—
swans—arctic ox—goat—arctic fox—musk ox—Chinchillas—otters—
water-rats—beavers—ram—camels—sheep—water buffaloes—reindeer—
givies—dandelions—carrots—oats—willow—song-birds—creatures—
chameleon—tiger—horse—stag—badger—mimosa-leafed vine—paradise-
birds—rook—bunny—lion—beast—ass—camel—beast—seagull—
foxgrape—thin-twiggèd persimmon—bird—cuckoo—road-runner—
pony—dog—gourd—polecat—snake—flowers—acorns—violets—
giraffe—beast—elephants—dog—scallops—sunflowers—coral—bug—
ponies—dragonfly—gibbon—dragonfly—owl—cow—tiger—soy—
carrot—lion—crow—pigeon—grass—corvo—savio ucello—bel bosco—
grasshopper—magic bird—elephant—milkweed—Yule—crab—dog—
mice—viper—hay—honeysuckle—woods—cat—mice—snow-leopard—
violet—Minotaur—tiger—meadow—hunting-cats—antelope—polecat
ferret—elm—lindens—maples—sycamores—oaks—street-tree—
horse—chestnut—cat—kitten—olive tree—fig—tiger—Japanese pug

THE POLE OF THAT WORLD. THE POLE OF ANOTHER WORLD

Joshua Corey

In the iceship she is Eve, enraptured
out of Hackensack. Behind her

her frozen abductors, contracted
over oarlocks, blue grins

in livid snow. Death
loiters at port arms, in the hardest

cores of chill. Others with heads like animals
shiver beneath parching stars. Behind

her curtain, a woman writes *In the meantime*. . . .
Making and dissolving

several worlds in her own mind—
Imagine

the bachelor king, holding court
in his fortress of solitude.

The boat bubbles down
toward the navigator's arctic of objects.

INDEX FORMING

Cort Day

The zygote in its blood-chamber is an index. The zygote in its wall is a floating-point, is a bleeding-point through which a time begins to flow and flows outward among the great bodies, along the edges, along the ribs and hulls. The time streaming into a nursery is a polarizing cloud. Is the zygote in its blue nebula dream. Glowing in the interface. Growing its teeth through the interface: stars.

Time flowing through the bleeding-point coheres: the zygote in the star-chamber, the particle in the cloud. Time is filling, flowering. Inexhaustible in the plastic, in the walls. It grows organs in the zygote, it grows stones.

The zygote, growing, illuminates. Grows continents and hands. Grows mouth. Filling and filling the interface, the walls. And the code base grows. The code base, inexhaustible and growing, weighs.

On its face the pollen-heads bloom. There is light coherent on the stones. There is wind and constant seed-fall. It is morning.

INDEX OF THE FACTORY MAKING

Through the bleeding-point a time flows: organic. Out of the bleeding-portal: time. With the voice behind it grinding and the voice inside it grinding. The voice grinding and dividing, the shuttle passing. Grinding: this not that. Grinding a lament.

The shuttle, grinding, passes to and fro. The voice divides. The blood divides and runs, the field is broken. Everywhere on the surface, there are nodes: rivers and clouds and trees. In the depths there are holes: mines.

In each mine there is something: a hand, a tooth, a white plastic tool. And everywhere in the voice, in the blind and dividing voice, the index is looking, the index is falling, the index is falling in love.

INDEX OF THE ANIMALS LEAVING THE FOREST

Amid the trees, amid the great oaks and conifers, into the gray and desolated earth, the animals are sinking. The elk and the hare relax into the earth, they slip downward into the mines. The bear and tapir and wolf are relaxing, are leaving bone and tooth and hide upon the bloodless, upon the fleshless plain.

In the surface, schools are swimming to the slipping-point. In the air the flocks are flying. There is coherence when coherence is the pattern of the flocks and schools relaxing. When coherence is a vibration among the tree-roots and then the great trees relaxing into the mines.

So, in a cold blue light, the animals leave the skin. One by one, they leave the blue and sleeping hand.

CURB SERVICE AT THE WIENERBURGER DINER

Susan Holahan

Out of one field and into the field opposite—racing across the road in front of our car—the fox dashed fast enough to make us feel how a fox lives—survives—only at speed. And prose moves slowly, slowly. Throughout treatment I did what I was told to do. I didn't know what to feel about any of it. I felt stupid and I didn't like it, but I couldn't change it. Clearly I couldn't think clearly.

Twice every weekday for six weeks at the flat end of winter we passed: Wienerburger Diner/Air Conditioned // Curb Service/IN SUMMER. This sign at the road-edge is cracked, crumpled. In dead quiet on the lot behind it, hunks of big rigs huddle with rusted farm machinery. There's a hint of auto parts, a kind of peeling garage, no sign of customers, nothing like a diner. When was the diner?—: the Wienerburger Diner with gray boomerang-Formica counter and Pyrex pots on the hotplate, and inside customers. It wasn't *all* curb service. You don't need curb service every day. We could use lots more non-fez functions any day.

Some days work just comes to you: Thursday, March 7, 1878: "I went to washingtown with a load of shingles to day the sawingmachean was hear to night" Friday, Sept. 20, 1878: "the threshers was hear to day I stade at home from school" The diarist was male, 13, cheerful and hard-working. "Stade at home from school" more days than not. Why bother writing?

When our tap-water turned brown at night we bought bottled. The water-

manager said the volunteer fire-fighters were practicing and they got too rough. *It's brown but it's safe*, he said. *What's in it now has been in your pipe all year.* Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1878: "it snowed and blode ofly." "OFLY"? Burt L. Richardson of "Orange," "Vermont" (his punctuation), who didn't turn I4 until late December that year, called a day "Plesant" when "the themometer was 12 blow 0" (Jan. 3).

That's not simmering, the way the pot grunts with each bubble. The woman hunched—silent, swollen—in a wheelchair while The Doctor, who kept turning his back on both of them, chatted AT the man behind the chair about The Palliative-Care Team. If big news breaks too early we never absorb it. Friday, Jan. 18, 1878: "Dana ~~went~~ come hom from the west" Saturday, Jan. 19: "Father went to Barre after Dana trunk to day" Well, Barre was close to home. The trunk was easy. What Dana saw, heard, felt, ate, did out West, how long he tried it, why he snuck home—

(Extra, in the back of some *library* book: *Who's Who in Buddhism*.) Red-gold just before sunset, the next-door willow flames beyond the hedge of black branches. Tuesday, March 5, 1878: "Father and Dana and I went to town meating to day" To the Editor, March, 2001: "The proposed wind turbine is inconsiderate, unfair, a bad precedent for one homeowner's ability to adversely affect his neighbors. His tower would be 100 ft. high. His rotors would be 23 ft. across. This is no windmill. . . ."

Down at the corner they say frost heaves are so bad this year you need wings over the road. Come spring, they promise—chuckling as they chew up their dizzy fables—they'll auction off all the car parts that drop. Come spring, B. L. Richardson fished ("cot 11," April 23). He set traps on a Sunday (Sept. 22). Saturday, Oct. 12, everybody "went a hunting to day on a bet."

Last fall, an old bookstore northeast of "Orange," "Vermont": in a box of Ledgers, a black-leather-covered 3" x 5" package. The back cover folds over

the front, sticking out a tongue that slips into a loop. Over the closing, stamped in gold, "The Standard Diary." The bookstore was cleaning out before winter. Prices matched my body and the odds The Doctor gave me: HALF OFF.

What houses mean and don't. Then, people who live in so many houses they never find home. A man in a wheelchair said his wife's bedroom was *inches* of ice on the inside wall. The bedroom floor: rotten, sunk to the ground. Nothing worked. Their landlord blamed them for the bags of trash all over. But this was lack—of storage. What the landlord was calling "TRASH" (the social worker said) was actually their belongings, packed.

Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1878: "I went to the dance to night I got desmist today I have got desmist from school to night danced I figer to night" (how the dance makes parens around the trouble at school). What did he do? Why won't he say? How could he DANCE? Two days later, calm as robins, "we spoke peases to school to day" and soon again: "Father went out to Henry Curtis after a pig we spoke at school to day I had one to day." One? —what? Only one? What else that day?

That woman who cheerfully scrubbed spaghetti sauce off the stove after the kids' party 25 years ago was ignoring lumps in her own breasts when she wrote to me. By hand, 12 pages of diet advice I can't follow. Her letter confided, *My friend had regular banana intervals on her food plan // and she had nuts, potato skins, etc. // but if you are prone to herpes cold sores you can't have nuts*. As the Great War dragged on and certain foods got scarce then rare, Dora Russell had to watch her "well-covered" uncles shrink.

Nearby, noise, cataclysm, Revolution: Cartier Bresson hung out at a Peking teahouse where one old gent tickled his cricket with a horse hair until it sang. How deepest memory registers instantly: Beethoven—piano concerto—2nd? or "You Cheated, You Lied" (The Shields, 1958!)—just ending

on the radio you switched on for the weather— By mid-Feb. BLR began skipping diary days. Skipped school, blew off the diary, but not his farm work. Then, Monday, July 29: "I and George went to school for the first time to day." What *first*?

Make something of the plump, flowered old woman propped on a car bumper outside her doctor's office. With her tall cane. You thought shepherdess. Ridiculous. She would not accept a lift. What can you make of her? or the old woman who *bmm*'d on a descending tone over her magazine every few seconds in the waiting room you just left? Impossible.

Roadside, north of the sometime W'burger Diner: Hidden Treasures Antiques, closed for years. Tangled in filthy plastic flowers, bedsteads and rakes lean against the barn-red board sides of the 'store' that is suddenly, finally, FOR SALE. Paleolithic figurines show traces of clothing-like items (plaited skirts, etc.) and sites show indirect signs of stitchery and plant fibers for textiles. Weaving and spinning 25,000 years ago: a String revolution.

Skinny girl with a bandage around one wrist and a hospital bracelet around the other pushed a cart piled with suitcases into the elevator. How long would she be in? some guy squeezed in back tried. "Three or four weeks!" like a high bell. You poor THING, he whined, *why*? "Just tryin' to survive!"

Adriamycin/Cytoxan/Taxol	Neupogen Neupogen Neupogen
Anzemet/Lorazepam/Dexamethasone	Hydrocodone/Dilaudid/PeriHex
Welbutrin/Trazodone/Clorazepate	MEDICATION:
Mediation: Meditation.	What stops me thinking POISON?

A newborn-baby feel, coming out of surgery, a frozen helplessness. Although the long, long quilted days of Taxol.

Ordinary evenings in Orange, Vermont, 1878: singing school, "quier rehursol," "prairmeaten"—though Jan. I held out a "festible" and

"supper with Minney Hewse got home at 2 ocloke." Valentine's Day: "the hole of us went to the dance to night I danced 5 Figures to night." Late February, "we all went to the shoe" two nights running. What shoe? What show[?] ?

In the big waiting room where the same people have *some* head-hair every weekday for six weeks: a small scrapbook of color photos cropped hard into lozenges with curly borders. Pictures of lake edges, tracks in snow, wild-flowers, a bronze cat smothering a big Raggedy Ann doll in a baby rocking chair. The cat's head blanks out the dollface ringed in scarlet yarn hair—Am I still terrified? Do I stay terrified? How long do you keep asking?—and the cat's eyes are gold, empty.

Fresh in a snapshot from Paris: milk- and dark-chocolate boxes marked on top in white frosting: Winchester no. 5, cal. 12; inside, chocolate bullets, also milk- and dark-. Centuries ago, not only the French wandered vaguely among perpetual hallucinations, drugged by their hunger or by bread doped with herbs.

Again and again I asked about timing. The treatments. How often? How many? How soon? I couldn't make sense of their answers. Fretting. Chafing. WHINING? To endure all of it and not do it RIGHT (What was RIGHT? Was there "right"?): that was frightening.

A second, long-promised letter insisted, *My friend had no nausea at all and no pain at all, no problem except 2 mouthsores because she forgot to rinse her mouth after her meals on days when she went on a boat ride.* (By this time the letter-writer, that old scrubber, had pain she never mentioned. When there was no treatment left to refuse she saw a doctor. Who packed her off to the nearest hospice. Where she is refusing painkillers AS WE SPEAK.) No boat rides for B. L. Richardson—not that he mentioned in 1878. He played croquet in April, took in the Fair in Sept.

Friday, Nov. 15: "I and Nellie plad backgamman this after noon made shingles in the fore noon." The shingles are typical Burt: WORK first.

The huge double-headed spruce behind the house stretched its shadow over drifts toward the opposite end of the barn. Bowed with snow, the branches, like the backs of working animals. . . . Through the seasons of 1878 Burt R. plowed, harrowed and hoed, picked stones, "drawed" hay, dug potatoes; set hens on eggs, tapped maples, took horses for shoeing, turned cattle out and drove them in. And SHINGLES: cut them, carted, sold and wrote them up.

Every weekday for 30 in the icy treatment room. Blue-dot tattoos. Red-eye lasers. Technicians fuss, readjust, run out to save themselves, scattering instructions like crumbs in the forest. I keep hoping to be shielded, too.

The everydayness has a different quality: new? old? apocalyptic?
I'm going back a lot. Did I ever go forward?

Take my life in my hands and —

Every day that you shiver under that machine you forget, until it lumbers around its arc, the puppies pasted on the ceiling to beguile you: a long horizontal magazine/greeting card/calendar picture: a litter's worth of Golden Lab puppies propped in painted flowerpots and shiny watering cans, among hydrangeas, sweet peas, carnations. All around them pinks and lavenders: sweet, S W E E T .

All day snow roars down the steep pitch of the slate roof then sun breaks off hunks of it to spatter — Sugaring weather: cold nights, sun-warmed days. Wednesday, Feb. 13: "I rented my Shuger place 10 to aunt Vilana to day—" *His shuger place? Number 10? Vilana?*

In the front of the diary, along with weights and measures and populations and major cities and interest rates and tides, "Business Law in Daily Use": "A contract made with a minor is void," but "Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in

law." BLR, all-out minor, counted in pencil, thought with pencil, lived on pencil.

On the little river across the road, a shelf of snow over moving water—shapes over the water like Modern in the '50s, like those boomerangs in diner Formica.

Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1878: "I went to school to day"

Thursday, Sept. 26: "I went to school to day and so did George to"

Friday, Sept. 27: "I went to school to day I had a hell of a time"

—Forgodsake HOW?

After a storm, in a triangle of forest on the back way home, snow stripes evenly down half each narrow trunk: simile or fact? One day later, it's cotton-boll tufts on roadside brush up the mountain as the snow begins to drop: definitely metaphor. Details first or last, does that change the picture?

Nothing I can come up with—months: literal, migrainous months of puzzling—makes sense of these words in the diary: *Cosible* 2/5 [occasion?], *cuttle* 2/12 [verb? name?], *Comefubby* 3/1 [place?], *mite* Si 9/24 [activity?].

With more than half the treatment finished you do see drama in those puppies in pots: count when the machine swings over: five puppies in an easy group focused left. They could be the whole picture. Three of them, then two. But. Take it ALL in. Far right, in a purple pot, puppy #6, alone; darker, or is it duller. Not well. Not at all well. In a flash—of sympathy? despair? FURY? —

After all the snow, ground-ivy showed (first time!) in the grass near patches of white [gray? 'Confederate?'] violets. After the diary, MEMORANDA pages: Hattie S. P. Noyes, A. L. Noyes, George, N. J. Keyes all write in rhymes like grade-school autograph books, all nagging like the ghost in *Hamlet*: Remember Me! Remember Me! Then, then, a Bills Payable page covered with numbers scratched in pencil. In the middle, same hand, same

pencil: “tell me not In”—i.e., “mournful numbers”?, as in Longfellow’s “A Psalm of Life” (1839)? which could have been a pease to speak in school? —: A pun from *BLR*? After all our time together is he laughing at me?

—in memory of Eva Burbank, 1940-2001

MEMORANDUM CONCERNING THE NEW EMPEROR

Mark Lamoureux

There were fires along the fifteen
miles of brackish water which announced
the coming of the new Emperor.

There were cruciform cracks
in an otherwise perfect sky.

The Sky Bureaucracy did not comment
but issued several perfect clouds.

There were stones that were
hue-deepened by the rain.

There were souls which stretched
barnacle-digits to flip the toggles
that caused said rain to fall.

It's this way the rain has.
Each drop a reaching
for a man stooped to accommodate
the sky dome.

Who's behind this army of bicycles?
There were allegations & an ancient text
was consulted.

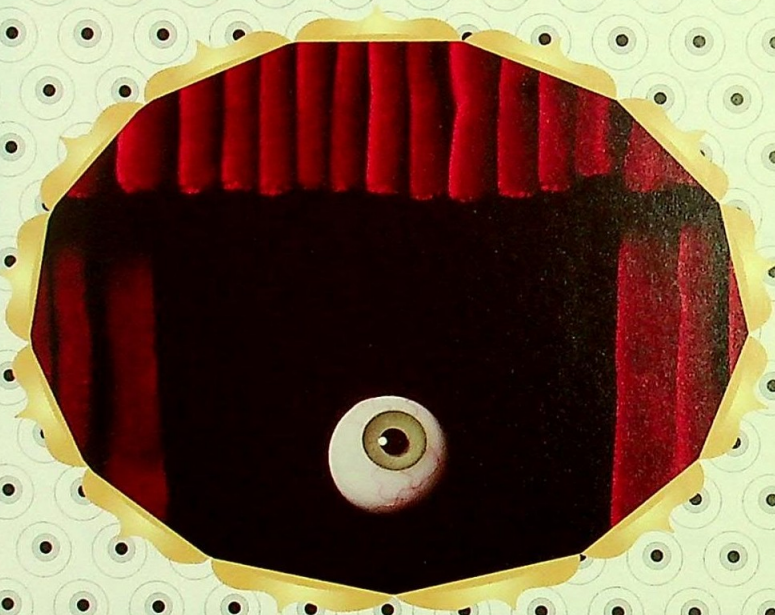
This caused the Emperor to rotate
30° & several agencies took shelter
in the sweep of his shadow.

It is a fact that in some months
said rain turned to snow.

At which time the stones were hidden,
the souls concerned began to weep,
became a coral higher than a man who is likely
to stumble under the weight of the snowfall.

The Sky Bureaucracy shut down the stars
& decreed that lips & sidewalks crack.

During this time, said fires
did not cease burning.



YOUR NEW GLASS EYE

excerpts from a very small book

YOUR NEW
GLASS EYE

Including:

- I. How to care for it,
- II. A short history
- &
- III. Some things about
other very small
prostheses

by SASHA WIZANSKY

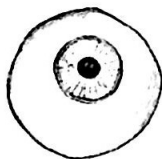


fig 1.



6

ONE

You can clean your
new eye with mild
soap and water.

7

SIX

Keeping a spare eye
can minimize distress
in the case of an
accidental loss.

12

SEVEN

Be careful when
sneezing!

13

fig 2.



16

ONE

The first prosthetic
eyes were made in
ancient Egypt to be
worn by mummies.
They were constructed
of bronze and stone
and helped the dead
find their way to the
afterlife.

17



fig 3.

TWO

In the sixteenth century, Ambroise Paré designed an eklepharon which consisted of a plate made of chamois-leather with a painted-on eye. Apparently, its fixed gaze was found to be disturbing.

fig 7.



32

FOUR

Toe.

33

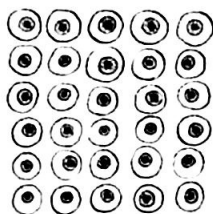


26

ONE

After his retirement from dentistry in 1637, Michel J. Turcotte devoted his life to fashioning silver prosthetic feet for the many one-legged pigeons of Paris.

27





end of excerpts.

B

Larry Eigner

Is it serious, or funny?
Merely?

Miasma of art,
The

more the merrier is my view

seeing the levels of the world

and how easily emptied space

is

Here they made the perfect pots
on the beastly floors
the spoons and knives randomly dealt

and tread on the pine-cones
bare-footed
to cut wood

and here, the women went undone
till noon, plaiting

Once this happened

and the cooks brought food to their seniors in wigs
and dressed-stone mansions;

I am omnipresent to some extent,
but how should I direct my attention

sufficiently to what I desire, to
stop, to
what is charging on the roadbed, what
going away, the

fire-gong, people and buses

and even in my room, as
I know

the waving sun
the

constant ephemerals

PARTS OF SALEM

down to the folds
I saw the upper halves of cars
without the wheels I know to be
moving around my corner, and
the action of those sitting there still
forward, drivers and children, hands
a new hat on an old man
the street sudden smile at noise

last among the marble sites
and the brick exchanges

rises of earth

filled and massed with human stone
parking space alleviates
ancient commons which were lonely
and magnificent prairies breaking the heart

because it was five yards off
talkers at one curb lost as
if forgotten yet
what has there been, now, to speak of

Girls and mothers of one hour
in passing in tender hair
and men counting silently

ROAD-SIDE

The wind with trees makes lightning
and from clouds it makes thunder

though not those

Instruments penetrate, not through the bushes

In some hidden street

while the world is flying, the maps
topography changes, inch

relax sound relax sound

under those contours

Sometimes the raised figures
deepen

and clash, wandering
to become pools or old nations

And this is the calm world
from a distance
Indian-open smoke

And these are greeks
both northern and southern imaginations

which are quiet and magnificent things

And never see stone
or North heralds

this isn't history

But, for some minutes, wing
moving at length

crag
the boulder eye-pieces
in the islanded edge
trailing the tip

such silent drivers will never exist

IMAGINATION, INSPIRATION, EVASION

Federico García Lorca

The manuscript of the lecture entitled "Imagination, Inspiration, Evasion" has never been found, but several newspaper reports are extant. In them, it is not always clear whether the reporter is paraphrasing García Lorca or quoting him directly from notes taken in shorthand. I have combined and rearranged these newspaper accounts—from Granada, Madrid, New York and Havana, 1928-1930—in the order which seemed most logical. Passages that may be paraphrase rather than direct quotation are given in brackets. An ellipse (...) indicates a break in the text or a rearrangement on my part.

—Christopher Maurer

In an intimate gathering at the Residencia de Estudiantes, the architect Le Corbusier once said that what he had best liked about Spain was the expression *dar la estocada*, to make a clean kill, because it expressed the inner intention of going directly to the subject and the yearning to master it rapidly, without pausing over what is merely accessory and decorative.

I too believe in that doctrine, although, naturally, my sword is not a clean, agile one. The bull—the theme—lies before us, and we must kill it. At least that is my intention.

Imagination, inspiration, and evasion: the three degrees, the three steps traversed by any true work of art, by any poet conscious of the treasure God has given him, and, for that matter, by the whole of literary history. . . .

Because I know how difficult this subject is, I am not trying to define, merely to emphasize. I don't want to delineate, I want to suggest. The mission of the poet is just that—to give life [*animar*], in the exact sense of the word: to give soul. . . . But don't ask me about truth or falsehood, because "poetic truth" is an expression which changes with the person to whom it is applied. Light in Dante can be ugliness in Mallarmé. Furthermore, as everyone knows by now, one must *love* poetry. Poetry is like faith—it isn't meant to be understood, but to be received in a state of grace. No one should say "this is clear," because poetry is obscure. And no one should say "this is obscure," because poetry is clear. What we must do is search out poetry energetically and virtuously so that it will surrender to us. We need to have forgotten poetry completely before it can fall naked into our arms. A state of poetic alert, and the people. What poetry cannot bear is indifference. Indifference is the devil's armchair. But it is indifference we hear babbling in the streets, dressed grotesquely in self-satisfaction and culture. . . .

For me, imagination is synonymous with aptitude for discovery. To imagine, to discover, to carry our bit of light to the living penumbra where all the infinite possibilities, forms and numbers exist. I do not believe in creation but in discovery, and I don't believe in the seated artist but in the one who is walking the road. The imagination is a spiritual apparatus, a luminous explorer of the world it discovers. The imagination fixes and gives clear life to fragments of the invisible reality where man is stirring. . . .

The imagination merely discovers things already created, it does not invent, and whenever it does so it is defeated by the beauty of reality. The imagination has its technique, with its own proper order and limits. The imagination hunts for images using tried and true techniques of the hunt. . . . The mechanics of poetic imagination are always the same: a concentration, a leap, a flight, a hunting for imagery, a return with the treasure, and a classification and selection of what has been brought back. The poet dominates his imagination and sends it whatever he wants to. When he is not happy

with its services he punishes it and sends it back, just as the hunter punishes the dog who is too slow in bringing him the bird. Sometimes the hunt is splendid, but the most beautiful birds and the brightest lights almost always get away. For images are captured in reality.

The daughter of the imagination—the logical and legitimate daughter—is the metaphor, which is sometimes born from a sudden stroke of intuition and sometimes brought to light by the slow anguish of forethought.

But the imagination is limited by reality: one cannot imagine what does not exist. It needs objects, landscapes, numbers, planets, and it requires the purest sort of logic to relate those things to one another. One cannot leap into the abyss or do away with terms of reality. Imagination has horizons, it wants to delineate and make concrete all that lies within its reach. . . . The imagination hovers over reason the way fragrance hovers over a flower, without detaching itself from the petals, wafted on the breeze but tied, always, to the ineffable center of its origin. . . .

The poetic imagination travels and transforms things, giving them their purest meaning, and it defines relationships no one had suspected. But it always, always, always works upon facts of a clear, specific reality. . . . It was imagination which discovered the four cardinal directions and which has discovered the intermediate causes of things, but imagination has never been able to rest its hands in the burning embers, without logic or sense, where one finds free, unrestrained inspiration. The imagination is the first stage, the foundation of all poetry, the cool, green, moonlit field where inspiration, liberated and alien to man, is about to spring into flight like a plane, all insect wings and planetary nickel. . . .

The poet uses imagination to build a tower against the elements and against mystery. It is unassailable. It orders and is listened to. . . . It is difficult for a so-called “pure” imaginative poet to produce intense emotion with his

poetry. He *can*, of course, produce poetic emotions, and he can produce with the technique of verse that typical musical emotion of the Romantic, which falls short, almost always, of the deep spiritual meaning of the pure poet. (Heine was an example of a purely emotive poet, muted by the ironic tone with which he tried to justify his images.) But the imaginative poet cannot produce virginal, unrestrained, poetic emotion, free of walls—rotund poetry with its own newly created laws. Imagination is poor, and the poetic imagination more so.

Visible reality, the facts of the world and of the human body are much more full of subtle nuances, and are much more poetic than what imagination discovers.

One notices this often in the struggle between scientific reality and imaginative myth, in which—thank God—science wins. For science is a thousand times more lyrical than any theogony.

The human imagination invented giants in order to attribute to them the construction of great grottos or enchanted cities. Later, reality taught us that those great caves are made by the drop of water. The pure, patient, eternal drop of water. In this case, as in many others, reality wins. And the instinct of a drop of water is more beautiful than the hand of a giant. In poetry, real truth trumps imagination; that is, imagination discovers its own poverty. Imagination was about to attribute to giants what seemed the work of giants. But scientific reality, which is poetical in extreme and lies outside the ambit of logic, restored their truth to the perennial, pure drops of water. After all, it is much more beautiful that a cave be a mysterious caprice of water—chained and ordered by eternal laws—than the whim of giants who have no other meaning than that of an explanation.

The poet strolls through his imagination, limited by it. He knows that his imagination can be trained; that it can be enriched through a sort of

imaginative gymnastics; that he can lengthen his radio waves and antennae of light. But the poet is sadly frustrated in his inner landscape.

He hears the flowing of great rivers. His forehead feels the cool of the reeds which tremble in the midst of "nowhere." He wants to hear the dialogue of the insects beneath the incredible boughs. He wants to penetrate the current of the sap in the dark silence of great tree trunks. He wants to understand the Morse alphabet spoken by the heart of the sleeping girl.

He wants. We all *want*. But this is his sin: to *want*. One shouldn't *want*, one should *love*. When we love, we do not want. And so he fails. Because when he tries to express the poetic truth of any of these motifs, he will have to make use of human sentiment and of sensations he has seen and heard. He will use plastic analogies that will never be sufficiently expressive. For the imagination cannot reach those depths.

As long as he does not try to free himself from the world, the poet can live happily in his golden poverty. All the rhetorical systems, all the poetic schools in the world, from the Japanese on, have a lovely wardrobe of suns, moons, lilies, mirrors, and melancholy clouds that can be used by all intelligences at all latitudes.

But the poet who wants to break free from the imagination, and not merely live on the images produced by real objects, stops dreaming and starts to desire. When the limits of his imagination become unbearable and he wants to free himself from his enemy—the World—he passes from desire to love. He goes from imagination, which is a fact of the soul, to inspiration, which is a state of the soul. He goes from analysis to faith. . . . And the poet, previously an explorer, is now a humble man who bears on his shoulders the irresistible beauty of all things. Here things exist "just because," with no explainable cause or effect. Here there are no limits, no terms, only an admirable freedom. . . . Inspiration is a state of faith in the midst of the

greatest possible humility. One needs to believe wholly in poetry; be in a state of spiritual and material grace; and reject the temptation to be understood. One must look through the eyes of a child and ask for the moon. One must ask for the moon and believe that they can put it in our hands.

Often, inspiration directly attacks the intelligence and the natural order of things. Imagination assaults the theme furiously from all sides and inspiration receives it suddenly and wraps it in subtle, pulsing light, like those huge carnivorous flowers that envelop the trembling bee and dissolve it in the acrid juice exuded by its merciless petals.

Imagination is intelligent, orderly, full of equilibrium, but inspiration is sometimes incongruent—it does not recognize man, and often it places a livid worm in the clear eyes of our muse. Just because it *wants* to, without offering an explanation. Imagination creates a poetic atmosphere, and inspiration invents the “poetic fact”

The poem that has evaded imaginative reality is no longer subject to the criteria of ugly or beautiful (as they are now understood) and it enters an amazing poetic reality which is sometimes full of tenderness and sometimes full of penetrating cruelty. . . .

[Here the lecturer minutely analyzes the mechanism of inspiration, giving examples of some of the concepts he has expressed previously. . . . He goes on to analyze the “poetic fact” He makes a rapid excursion through the miracles described by Jacobus de Voragine in *The Golden Legend*, and describes the legend of St. Bridget, beneath whose virginal fingers the wood of the altar filled with living echoes, flowering branches, and the nests of birds. The miracle is a form of pure emotion, it is inexplicable beauty. For additional examples he draws on his own *Gypsy Ballads* . . . a book in which there are infinite, inexplicable, pure poetic facts, little noticed because they are in the line of imaginative poems.

Green I want you green,
Green wind, green boughs.

which has a strong popular flavor.

A thousand crystal tambourines
were wounding the dawn

from "Death of Love"¹ and other examples, which are not so inexplicable in their inner coherence as he himself imagines.]

Just as poetical imagination has a human logic, poetic inspiration has a poetic one. Acquired technique and aesthetic postulates are no longer of any use. And just as imagination is a discovery, inspiration is a gift, an ineffable gift. . . . It was Juan Larrea who said "This, which comes to me because of my innocence."

[The latest generation of poets has tried to reduce poetry to the creation of the "poetic fact" and to follow its norms, without listening to the voice of logical reasoning nor the equilibrium of the imagination. These poets have tried to free poetry not only from anecdote but also from the riddle of the image, removing it from the plane of reality . . . in other words, take poetry to a higher level of purity and simplicity. This is a different reality, and they have tried to leap into a world of virgin emotions, suffuse their poems with a planetary feeling . . . and avoid any established aesthetics. Evasion of reality through dream, through the subconscious, through the path of some unheard-of "fact" given to the poet by inspiration. . . . Surrealism uses the dream, the most real world of dreams, and there one finds truly authentic poetic norms, but this evasion by means of dream or the subconscious is, although very pure, not very clear.]

We Spaniards want profiles and visible mystery. Form and sensuality. In the north Surrealism can take hold—for example, modern German art—but Spain defends us from the strong liquor of dream.

Góngora is the perfect imaginative, verbal equilibrium and vivid line. He has no mystery and he is a stranger to insomnia. By contrast, San Juan de la Cruz is flight and yearning, yearning for perspective and unleashed love. Góngora is the academic, the terrible professor of language and poetry. San Juan de la Cruz will always be the disciple of the elements, the man who scrapes the mountaintops with the soles of his feet.

The exaltation of Góngora which all of Spanish poetic youth has felt has coincided with the maturing of Cubism, a painting based on pure ratiocination, austere in color and arabesque, which culminated in Juan Gris, most Castilian of painters.

But in general, painters and poets, after the pure breeze of Cubism, turn their eyes to pure instinct, to uncontrolled virginal creation, to the cool source of direct emotion, resting under the irrepressible strength of their own newly discovered souls.

[He mentions the new values of Spanish poetry: Larrea and Diego . . . who construct their poems from chains of poetic facts, which grow more and more limpid and acquire a more crystalline flight.] Rafael Alberti has taken his poetry to a difficult, beautiful summit, where it breathes in eternal air. Opposite him, on the other bank, the prodigious magician Jorge Guillén gives his word a phosphorescent, mysterious, Machiavellian air, and Pedro Salinas, modest and enlightened, abandons his poems in an empty living room, where his cautious footsteps—those of a master—glisten in the dust. This school is a renaissance, a return to nature in reaction to the academicisms of the mature epoch of Cubism, which has been the most formidable of lessons in artistic discipline. . . .

Plastic expression becomes poetic in order to take in vital juices and cleanse itself from the decorative ailments of the last of Cubism.

This is what I think—at present—of the poetry I am writing. When I say “at present” I mean today. Tomorrow, I don’t know what I will think. Because I am a true poet, and will remain so until my death, I will never stop flagellating myself with the disciplines, and never give up hope that some day my body will run with green or yellow blood. Anything is better than to remain seated in the window looking out on the same landscape. The light of any poet is contradiction. I haven’t tried to force my position on anyone—that would be unworthy of poetry. Poetry doesn’t need skilled practitioners, she needs lovers, and she lays down brambles and shards of glass for the hands that search for her with love.

[1928-1930]

I. The journalist is mistaken: Lorca was referring to his “Romance sonámbulo” (Sleepwalking Ballad), from the same collection.

THREE LETTERS

Federico García Lorca

TO HIS FATHER, FEDERICO GARCÍA RODRÍGUEZ
[MADRID, C.A. APRIL 10, 1920]

Dear Father:

I've just gotten your letter, with its wise, serious tone, and I'll answer you in exactly the same way. I'm much more anxious to see all of you than you are to see me—after all, you're all together there, and here I am alone. . . But when it is a matter of circumstance and of one's vocation, one has no choice but to submit. What I can't stand is this business of whether I stay here or go home. It does me great harm, and at a moment like this what I really have to do is settle down and work hard and show a little cleverness, for what goes on now is crucial to my well-being. I know perfectly well what you think (alas!). But I am telling you and solemnly promising you—because I love you so—that when a man strikes out on his path neither wolves nor dogs should make him turn back. And I—fortunately for me—have a lance like Don Quixote's. I am on my path, Papa. Don't make me look back!

I know you all love me very much, but you're only paying me in the same coin, because I love you all even more. I also know that you would like to have me there by your side, but this is something imposed by circumstance. What would I do in Granada? Be the butt of a lot of nonsense, a lot of arguing, a lot of envy and slander (this only happens, naturally, to men with talent)? Not that it matters to me—thank God, I'm above all that—but it would be very, very bothersome. One doesn't argue with a fool, and just

now, in Madrid, I'm being argued about, or rather talked about, by truly respectable people, despite the fact that I've just set out, and I'm going to *really* be a hit when I put on other things in the theater¹ and I'll probably end up with a great name as an author. Sudden, complete triumph harms the artist. Anyway, I'm preparing my things² and going very slowly, very deliberately, so I can give birth to a sensational book. Up here I write, work, read and study. The environment is marvelous. I hardly go out at all. People (a few) come to visit me. I only go out to visit [Gregorio] Martínez Sierra and the staff of *España*³, with a group of young, strong intellectuals. But the main reason I can't leave isn't my books (which is a very important one) but because I am in a student residence⁴—it's *not* as though it were a boarding house! It's extremely difficult to get into this place and if I happened to have done so easily, without formally applying, because of my merit and the affection and friendship of others, with the director using his influence and getting me in while excluding another *ten* students who had applied, it would be unforgivable to simply get up in the middle of the academic year and announce that I'm leaving, and just say "thanks" and "goodbye." The fact that I hesitated before, and didn't come (you know the whole story) will make them say I'm a fickle person, and I'll end up looking unworthy and ridiculous.

For this reason, more than any other, I implore you to let me stay. I am a man of my word, my dear father! Have I ever behaved badly to you? Haven't I always obeyed? Here I behave the way one is supposed to, better than at home, because I have to adopt a serious attitude. Your letter telling me to go home because if I don't you'll come and get me, really bothered me. That attitude of yours would be perfect for a father whose son does some unspeakable deed, and the father comes to collect him to give him a good lashing or leave him high and dry. I can't believe you really feel that way. You tell me "Come home for two months, and you can go back later." When, dear father? When? In August? Why don't you come up here? I would love to see you and the rest of the family. Come, and if you insist on my going

home with you I will, but I can assure you that it won't be long before you regret it. I *will* obey you—that's my duty, or I think it's my duty, but you will have dealt me a death-blow, the whole thing will fill me with disgust and discouragement and I'll lose the enthusiasm I feel—an enthusiasm I have to protect. I beg you with all my heart to leave me here until the end of the year, and then I'll go home with all my books published and the calm knowledge of having broken a lance fighting against the Philistines in order to defend and protect pure Art, true Art. You know, there's no way you can change me. I was born a poet and an artist the way someone is born lame or blind or handsome. Leave me my wings, and I promise I will fly. So please, Papá, don't insist on my going—even the idea fills me with anguish. I think I have stated my reasons. Are they reasons or not? If the real problem is that I am spending too much money, just tell me—I'll respond like a man. After all, it's easy to earn money when one has a good head. One must look at life and the world with clear, optimistic eyes and I, father, am an optimist and feel happy. Answer me the way I've answered you. And lastly, I beg you with my whole heart to read my letter well, and think it over. You should also realize that I am not some object who belongs to you and of whom you are very fond—I have my own life and my own resolve, and this business of coming and going harms me and is not serious. One has to be daring and brave. Mediocrity, the golden mean—those things are always fatal. Don't consult about these things with your lawyer and doctor and veterinary friends, etc.—little, mediocre, nasty people—but rather with Mama and the children. I think I'm right.

You know I love you with all my heart.

Federico

TO EDUARDO RODRÍGUEZ VALDIVIESO
[MADRID, APRIL 8, 1933]

My dear Eduardillo:

I wanted to be sure to answer you today, and now that I'm back home after a banquet which they've given me in honor of the success of my play *The Love of Don Perlimplin*, I have taken out my pencil to write you.

I am in bed, ready to enter the divine sea without ships called Sleep, and, in the midst of this silence, I want to tell you how much I love you and think about you.

Tomorrow I leave on a trip with La Barraca⁵ through the countryside of Salamanca, and during the whole trip I will keep your memory in my sight, just as I keep that delicate Pierrot figure who surprised me one night with the sadness of a boy lost in the gardens of the South.⁶

I think you know me well enough to know that what I'm saying is true, and I feel true annoyance when I think that anyone could feel scorn for you—you for whom I would cut the most beautiful roses of my daydreams.

I want you to know this—you can count on my heart, my happiness, my pain and on the best of my thought. I don't want you to be sad. Your letter moved me deeply and has made me love you much more. I see you alone, full of love and spirit and beauty, and to me your loneliness seems a lovely landscape where I would lie down and go to sleep forever.

I, too, am alone, although because of my success you think I'm accompanied by others and that I am crowned in glory. What I am missing is the divine crown of love.

I don't want to go on speaking to you. My distant friend, let me take your hands, and please notice in my silence the deepest expression of my emotions:

Only silence can be
witness to my suffering,
and I cannot yet say what I feel
in all that I do not say.

Those words are from Calderón.⁷

I feel extremely anxious to see you. I want to talk with you, travel with you, take you to worlds of which you know nothing, where your soul can swell with the four winds.

But the two of us are tied down, and though we must necessarily break our chains, we must still be apart for many hours.

In any case, I am always wondering whether you love me as much as I love you. I just don't know. Tell me. My friendship flies like an eagle, and you can kill it with a single rifle shot.

Write me by return mail. I will be gone four days. I would love to find, upon my return (on Holy Thursday) two of your letters. Will you do that? From now on, we must be together always. . . and please, Eduardo, tell me, and don't deceive me.

How I would love to be with you, enjoying the air of spring in Granada—the pagan odor of the temples, the green bursts of wind sent by the Vega, dressed up like a bride in the white of her bean blossoms.

But I want to come to you at once. Would you receive me well? If you don't want me to, I won't go.

Adiós, Eduardo—what a letter I've written you!

It's just striking two o'clock. *Fernandillo*, who puts children to sleep, is knocking at the door with his crown of anemones, and while I surrender myself to him I am thinking of you.

Goodbye. In this letter, full of tenderness, you will find the truth of my feelings. If you reject them, they will come like frightened ducklings looking for the bitter waters of my reality.

Write me at length, write me a lot.

A big hug from your faithful
Federico

Don't show people this letter.

TO SEBASTIÁN GASCH
[SEPTEMBER 2, 1927]

Sebastián, dear friend:

You're right in everything you say. But my state is not one of *perpetual dream*. I mis-spoke. There have been days when I have come close to dream, circling round it, but without falling in completely, and I've always had laughter for a safety cord and sturdy wooden scaffolding.

I never venture into terrain alien to man, I retrace my path immediately and almost always *tear up* the product of my trip. When I do something that is purely abstract, I think it always carries a passport of smiles and a rather human equilibrium.

I have taken extraordinary pains in the elaboration of my last few drawings.⁸ I simply abandoned my hand to the virgin earth and the hand, together with my heart, brought back miraculous elements. And these I discovered and wrote down. I cast out my hand again and thus, from many elements, I chose the ones most appropriate to the matter at hand, or most beautiful and inexplicable, and went on composing my drawing. This is the way I did "Sevilian Bullfighter," "Siren," "Saint Sebastian," and almost all the drawings marked with a little cross. There are pure miracles like "Cleopatra"—I shuddered to see that harmony of lines, which I had neither thought about nor dreamt nor desired—I wasn't even inspired—and I said "Cleopatra!" when I saw it. That's the truth. Later my brother corroborated—those lines where the *exact portrait*, the *pure emotion* of the Egyptian queen. Some drawings come out like that, like the most beautiful metaphors, and others when one searches in the place *where one knows for sure* that they are. It's like fishing. Sometimes the fish leaps right into the basket, all by itself, and at other times one looks for the best water and throws out the best hook in order to

catch it. The hook is called *reality*. I have thought about, and made, these little drawings with a poetic-plastic or plastic-poetic criterion, the two of them combined. And many of them are linear metaphors or sublimated common-places, like the "Saint Sebastian" and the "Peacock." I have tried to choose the essential traits of emotion and form, or of super-reality and super-form in order to make of them a sign that functions like a magical key allowing us to better understand their reality in the world.

But without *torture* or *dream* (I hate the art of dreams) and without complications. These drawings are pure poetry or pure plasticity at the same time. I feel clean, comforted, joyous when I do them. And I feel horror at the word which I have to use to designate them. And horror at poetry in verse. And at the painting known as "direct," which is no more than an anxious struggle with form in which the painter is always conquered and his work is always killed.

In these abstractions of mine I see a created *reality* that blends into the reality around us just as the clock blends into the concept of time—as easily as a barnacle adapts itself to a stone.

You're right, my dear Gasch, one must bring the abstraction into touch with reality. In fact, I would title these drawings (which you will receive—I'll send them to you certified) *Most Human Drawings*. Because all of them drive an arrow into the heart.

I am always happy, and this *dreaming* of mine is no danger, for I carry defenses. There is danger for the person who lets himself be fascinated by the great dark mirrors which poetry and madness place at the bottom of their ravines. I feel completely firm, completely deliberate, in art. I fear the abyss and I fear dream in the reality of my life, in love, and in my daily encounters with others. And that is terrible and fantastic.

As you know, I am back from Lanjarón and am again in the Huerta de San Vicente, living a bucolic existence, eating exquisite fruit all day and swinging on the swing with my sisters, and I sometimes behave so childishly that I feel ashamed when I remember my age.

The polemic you are going to have with Cassanyes interests me greatly, and I agree with you completely.⁹

I think tomorrow morning I will send you, certified, all of my drawings—you choose and return them to me.

I am working here on the magazine [*gallo*], and we are delighted that you are going to send us something. May I suggest that you send someplace else the article you're writing about my drawings? Since I'm important to the magazine, it wouldn't be right to publish it here. Publish it somewhere else, if you like, and for us you can do something on Cubism or something on modern art, with photographs. Or something about film.

You are our critic, the critic of the young generation, and you're also the person I know who is best qualified and has the sharpest sensibility.

Your articles always *teach* something, and in our magazine they will have an extraordinary sense of teaching and hitting the bull's eye.

We are very busy because we can't think of the right title, but we'll get one.

We will use the same paper as you do, so that the photos will reproduce well.

Yesterday you all got together for dinner. I was with you spiritually and remembered you constantly.

Please don't stop writing. Tell me which drawings you liked the best. If Dalí

weren't so lazy I would like him to see them, but I fear that if you send them to him he won't return them.

Yesterday he sent me a strange piece of prose. Parts of it—many—were totally off track. No doubt he has a first-class literary temperament. I think he will do extraordinary things.¹⁰

The article by Baeza has produced a huge reaction *among certain people*. I am truly sorry—it simply isn't my fault and as you know, all *I* ever do is praise people, because that's what comes naturally.¹¹

When I finish the ballad "Martyrdom of St. Eulalia," I'll send it to you. I'm working on different things. I'll send you something so that you can translate it and publish it in your *Gaceta*.

Hasta pronto! A hug from
Federico

—translated from the Spanish by Christopher Maurer

NOTES

1. Lorca had already staged *The Butterfly's Evil Spell* in March 1920 at the Eslava theater, Madrid.
2. He was preparing *Book of Poems*, which was published in 1921 in an edition paid for by his parents.
3. Playwright Gregorio Martínez Sierra (1881-1947), who guided Lorca in Madrid early in his career, and edited the liberal magazine *España*, founded by José Ortega y Gasset in 1915.
4. The Residencia de Estudiantes, Madrid, which Lorca entered in 1919, and where he met Rafael Alberti, Salvador Dalí, Luis Buñuel, and other leading Spanish writers and intellectuals.
5. The troupe of student actors with which Lorca staged classical theater for popular audiences.
6. Lorca and Rodríguez Valdivieso met during Carnival in Granada in 1932, and the latter was dressed as Pierrot.
7. See *Poesías líricas en las obras dramáticas de Calderón. Citas y glosas*, ed. Edward M. Wilson and Jack Sage (London: Tamesis Books, 1965), no. 157, p. 124.
8. In C. Maurer and Andrew Anderson, eds., *Federico García Lorca, Epistolario completo* (Madrid: Cátedra, 1997), Anderson provides a list of the drawings probably sent to Gasch. Most are collected in FGL, *Line of Light and Shadow. The Drawings of Federico García Lorca* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 1991).

9. According to Anderson (520), Lorca refers to the Catalan art critic Magí Albert Cassanyes I Mestre (1893-1956).

10. Dalí sent Lorca at least four prose poems in 1927, and it is uncertain to which Lorca is referring here.

11. The critic Ricardo Baeza had published a controversial article in *El Sol*, Madrid's most prestigious daily newspaper, calling Lorca "the best of contemporary Spanish lyric poets" (Anderson, 521).

POEM

James Shea

I was sad I was not the young boy
who passed me each day the way

water carries a ship, but I was happy
I saw him and this contradiction

saddened me, but I was pleased with myself
for having noticed it. I said, Hello—

This startled him and worried me
for I thought I'll never know him

intimately enough, nor fully learn
his fears. But I felt one who waits

to unfold from a crowded train:
unsure where to go but having the time

to be unsure. We took a picture
together and he left for grade school

and I left for the States. I remember
his funny stroll and his curiosity

at the shop windows and the cars parked
in his way along the sidewalk. They

were less obstructions and more examples
of how the world protrudes out at one.

I have my picture that distorts us, of course,
but what I recall most now are thoughts

of her then and our decision to never
speak again. Why do I say it like this now

to myself? I regret not sleeping with her
the way one regrets not stealing

an umbrella. I remember the seashells
she gave to me and the ones she kept.

I remember trying to kiss her on the bridge
and her smiling like it was a joke.

What are the limits here? The lesson
from the boy? I'm thinking—

a cloak of birds leaving a tree,
an empty field shorn for my welcoming.

AFTERNOON OF THE SWALLOW

Caroline Crumpacker

Call forward the flowers
in the name of the flowers.
First: staccato, strumpet, islette.
Then: the bondage of canaries
ailing in their aviary.

Euphoria of birds,
 meaning convocation, isolation.
Birds in wine and fear of birds.
The balcony exists to be afraid of birds.

Birdsong alone in the forest.
Forest alone in the horizon.
Horizon alone in the eye.

Hence, la balcone: tea and tartlets.
Cages of yellow and creamy birds.
Sugar cages and cream-colored cages
and the painting of the era of the balcony.
Throw open the doors as if to sing.

Be seated, opera, we will sing you.
Be seated birds, we will sing you
right off the balcony. Be seated, era,
we will split you into characters in
the pages of history.

Days of heart and little flowers.

The birds around the steeple form it.

The seated at the opera form it.

The music forms a fear of silence.

Be seated unsung silence, we will wish you
into shoes for the courtesans from the era
of the courtesans. So hold still.

INTERVIEW WITH MARJORIE WELISH

On April 5, 2001, the University of Pennsylvania hosted an all-day conference on the writing and art of Marjorie Welish, the papers and images for which have just now become a book, *Of the Diagram: The work of Marjorie Welish*. Prior to *Word Group*, to be published in the spring of 2004, Welish has published four full collections and several chapbooks of poems, including: *The Annotated "Here" and Selected Poems* (2000), *Casting Sequences* (1993), *The Windows Flew Open* (1991), and *Handwritten* (1979). Her poems have been anthologized in *Best American Poetry 1988*, *Experimental Poetry in America 1950 to the Present: A Norton Anthology* (1994), *From the Other Side of the Century: New American Poetry 1960-1990* (1994), and *Moving Borders: Three Decades of Innovative Writing by Women* (1998). Her writing on art has appeared in such magazines as *Art in America*, *Bomb*, *Partisan Review*, and *Salmagundi*, and a selection of her art criticism, *Signifying Art: Essays on Art after 1960*, came out in 1999. Her awards and fellowships have issued from the MacDowell Colony, the Fund for Poetry, Djerassi Foundation, the New York Foundation for the Arts, and the Howard Foundation. *The Annotated "Here" and Selected Poems* was a finalist for the 2001 Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize. She lives in New York City and teaches art and literary criticism and art history at Pratt Institute; she has also frequently taught poetry at Brown University. This interview was conducted by Robert N. Casper, Alexandra Forman, and Christian Hawkey in April, 2003.

You seem to move easily among your various practices—writing poems, writing criticism, making art, teaching, etc. Can you discuss the way those practices relate to or contrast with each other?

The intellectual mobilization necessary to prepare a lecture or to write an essay puts me in a creative state of mind. Often when I am in that state, formal schemes if not actual lines for poems or ideas for conceiving entire

poetry or painting series, suggest themselves. Or, ideas concerning entirely different disciplines, say, pedagogy or urban renewal come to mind. Sometimes I jot these down; sometimes I just go around tormenting people with these ideas. When I began teaching at Pratt Institute, the architecture building was the subject of renovation. I turned to a colleague, an architect himself, and I asked why Pratt didn't design a course around renovating this building, Higgins Hall, and enlist an entire class to see the project to completion. His response was, wryly, "That's too logical." Later on I learned that Samuel Mockbee did such a thing in his home state of Alabama, for which he got a MacArthur. But Mockbee went further than I did: he enlisted his architectural classes to help him design houses for poor people, who actually got the houses to live in. But I'm showing you the grain of my mind, what will bubble up won't necessarily be a line of a poem, but it could be—or it could be a form, or a solution to an urban problem. All this shows is that the synergy that informs creative thought will find a language, style, or way of organizing matter into form. It doesn't occur to me to illustrate one with another, or to translate activities literally—although the more I think about it, the more I have in fact done some of that as I play with ideas. My mentality does instead tend toward conceptual fantasy—I fantasize a lot.

At a recent reading you spoke of how that synergy between teaching and writing recharges you rather than drains you.

Yes, although I remember saying, "If and when things are working well." It doesn't happen nearly as often as I think it ought. Also, I am convinced that more people experience this phenomenon than they realize. I believe there are different kinds of mentalities writing and that are creative. I'm very interested in the way people learn: Do they need an anecdote? Do they need an example? Do they need a generalization? Do they need an overview? Through that regard for differing modes of cognition one can begin to understand not only the intellectual but also the creative process: how the

mind puts things together, takes things apart, explores its own world, sends out flares to unknown worlds.

You also mentioned the Vico writings that Wallace Stevens was reading—I was wondering what brought you to that work?

When I taught an immersion course on Stevens' poetry and poetics at Brown University—and lashed myself to the mast—I found it very interesting to approach Stevens through the romantic trope of the imagination on which he writes and rewrites. I sought a richer approach, a more complex thought than his stated poetics would suggest. Reading what he himself read was also a fresh way of reading him, and since I tend to have an interest in the critical register of things, it was a positive experience to go after that material, a process in part brought about since I had encountered B.J. Leggett's book *Wallace Stevens and Poetic Theory*.

That material found its way into your poems as well.

Of course. I went happily into overdrive teaching that course. Meanwhile, I was working on a commissioned essay on Roland Barthes' concerns with Cy Twombly—and I probably had two other meanwhiles going on as well. It was the perfect situation for total psychic collapse—or, an opportunity to make the best use of those interference patterns. So I took a post inside my own mentality and wrote "Preparing the Length of an Arc" and "About a Length of an Arc," incorporating some Vico and some Stevens and some Twombly into my own thinking about language. Vico is a very interesting character: at the time he lived (the early 18th century) "thinking" about culture meant to apply rational and conventional categories, but he brought empirical thinking into his studies of the development of language. By observing his children acquiring language—making those early "P" and "B" sounds—he generated a mythology that incorporated a developmental theory of language. That laboratory of linguistic development found its way

into my poems. Meanwhile, that the first line of “The Anecdote of the Jar” doesn’t find anything but instead places something in nature and so orders a world from experiential untidiness made me an obsessive creature. I thought I found a key to a phenomenological Wallace Stevens—but also, one could say, to a structuralist one. Throughout the semester I wrote notes on this idea, some of which became imported into poems. And even beyond the semester I was writing to that problem. For example, the poem “Thing Receiving Road” proceeds in sections that approach placement by positing different textual strategies for it. And then through these strategies I create my response to Wallace Stevens’ own placement. In one section the word becomes a kind of protagonist. Another deals with the word place in a very heterodox manner, as a concern of usage. I incorporate the word in different sentences, inflecting it with slightly different meanings in accordance to use. The last poem in that group proposes a simple sequence: a word, followed by a phrase, followed by a sentence. This procedure generated the poem that I let stand as a made thing that was found.

It’s interesting you bring up that poem in the “Translation” section of The Annotated Here. In that section you address two influences—Stevens in “Thing Receiving Road” as well as Williams in “The Black Poems”—in very different ways.

I was encouraged to juxtapose those and acknowledge my interest in both without compromise. I go about writing poems in different ways, and the approach to Williams was a perversity that I was challenged to do by Harry Mathews: an Oulipian challenge. So I elected to write in opposition to the very words given in the poem, in the source text. I took it on because satisfying that constraint is an impossibility. The poetic struggle was to find something antithetical but not, strictly speaking, oppositional. To put it another way, the nature of the oppositional response must shift from word to word because each word carries with it embedded contexts. What does it mean to say “the opposite of ‘red’”? This is non-sense, logically speaking. Cultural assumptions come to shape our answers: black and white may be the pair-

ing that we've been tutored to say, but in another context it could be black and red as antithetical or oppositional. But the chief impetus in choosing the Williams objectivist wheelbarrow was to think about the issue of antithesis or opposition in circumstances that do not yield that. This was that problem that made me happy.

Which of your practices came first?

A historical answer would speak to the culturally alert household my parents maintained, not in any systematic program for educating their daughter, but through their own interests in art, poetry, music, and dance, and actually the spoken word. My mother's idea of entertaining herself was to attend a lecture on art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I remember that after hearing a slide talk on Le Corbusier, perhaps at age ten, I had wondered why the world had not altered to reflect Le Corbusier's vision. I wondered why the world had not altered to reflect the vision Le Corbusier had for it. Through this conversion experience I understood that architecture could be the vehicle for the profundity of style, where style realizes its potentiality to conceive—even reconceive—the world as we find it. Anecdotally, this is typical of the horizon of expectations my parents valued, even if they were constantly disappointed not to find it expressed in their world. In other words, theirs was a cultural household, but not in any coercive way, however. I'm proud to say they were so ill-suited to the life of suburbia that only a few years after they built their so-called "dream home" they fled macaroni salad, patios, the spaniel across the street—all that silting up what they would hope to have been a life of independence—and fled back to much smaller quarters in the city down the street from the Metropolitan. I was about nine, and at the time I didn't get it—but later, when we went to Europe, and I traveled to other cosmopolitan cities, I understood that New York was not to be measured on beauty, even in hospitality—but it was a city. And having seen other cities then, as a teenager, I got the whole point: its history, culture, and relative classlessness compared with European cities.

I read the city as a text, and I've never been restless since. The principle here is that of cosmopolitanism, put in play early on by my folks, a cosmopolitanism that became my set of assumptions well before talent, let alone vocation, became an issue. I assumed it was my birthright: you pick up an issue of *The Nation*, then you go outside and you look at Mom's rock garden, you come in and you do a drawing, then you have a fantasy about making a city using your blocks. It's play, transposed to the adult plane. The cosmopolitanism has to do with intellectual access to arts and sciences, to a belief (however unfounded) in humankind as potentially cooperative, and interested in learning.

Is this the connection between Marjorie Welish the painter and the poet?

One way of answering this is that the mentality that would call both a poem and a painting a thought-form might also produce analogous, corresponding, compatible, or related thought-forms. Very, very occasionally do I set out to do the equivalent merely transposed from one medium to another. For example of thought-forms in paint, I recall that in 1994 or '95 the International Studio Program gave me my first studio outside the home. I couldn't believe my good fortune. To celebrate I codified an issue that had been on my mind and in my practice, and putting two yellows on a piece of paper, Cadmium Yellow Light and Cadmium Yellow Lemon, I punched a nail through the paper and I said: think about this for a year. (It sounds as though I was incarcerated.) What I meant by formatting this was to create a kind of post-structuralist or post-modern situation by visual means goes like this: if one truism of modernism in the visual arts is that there be necessary and sufficient conditions for a painting or sculpture (instanced, say, by centering on red, yellow, and blue, through which to represent the visualization of the commonplace, called primariness or essence), how would the postmodern react to this? By positing two reds, two yellows, two blues—that's what I meant to think about for a year. The self-imposed challenge was less concerned with the perception of the two yellows

(although that becomes a very practical problem in the studio and has its own phenomenological quandaries), and more about the epistemological: what does it mean for someone in the late twentieth century to respond to modernity and its inherited literature? One response might be to relativize its assumed poetics, principles, theory. You can relativize it through context—hence a diptych or triptych to show difference from panel to panel which nonetheless share common terms. You can do it in any number of ways. Several years later I wrote the poem that is the equivalent to that problem (although I had planned to write it at the time of my studio residency). That's one instance in which I went about in a very . . . I wouldn't call it programmatic way, but in the interest of genuine research to translate a problem from the visual to the verbal medium. Which actually proved difficult. But it may have to do with what is universally called the translation problem: when you move from any *a* to any *b*, the *b* is on the defensive, given that *a* is initiating the terms. What does *b* do in response? Capitulate? Ignore it? Neither of these two? What are the rules of engagement whereby *b* has something to do in relation to *a*?

How did you get your start as an art critic?

In college I took a degree in art history. I'll give you the anecdotal version of how I got into art criticism—though I am on record as being opposed to anecdotal accounts of things. In my last year of college at Columbia, I was studying for comprehensive exams and working at Macy's. Standing in a bodega at 11:00 at night looking for junk food, I saw someone I know. I tried to become as much a part of the stacks of soda pop and potato chips as I could so he would not see me in such a compromising mode. Unfortunately, he recognized me from the front of the store and came charging back, and said "Marjorie, how are you? What are you doing?" I started to mutter, "Well I've just begun working at Macy's, and I'm studying for my comprehensive exams in art history," and he interrupted, "You'd be perfect. You'd be perfect! The art editor just quit on *Manhattan East*—we

need somebody." And I said, "I'm not interested—I really cannot do this, but could you describe the job?" And he said, "I knew you'd be interested. Kathy will call you in ten minutes when you get home." I thought, "Well, he's not going to remember. He's an enthusiast, a lovely guy, but he's not going to remember." But Kathy called, and so at the age of twenty-something I became an art critic for a distributed paper which paid the munificent sum of ten dollars an article. The job of art critic presented me a timely professional rationale for what I was doing. I was so relieved to have something to call myself, to have a name of some sort of vocation; of course, I was also grateful for being able to learn on the job, even as I was informing myself through the systematic study of that same discipline.

Was poetry something that came later? Or was it simply more private?

It was more private. In high school a very demanding English literature and poetry teacher was instrumental in guiding me, but I was not writing so much as reading until college. I started taking workshops at Columbia simultaneously with doing my studio work. So that's how the creative practice aggregated.

Who were you reading, and/or studying with, while you were at Columbia?

Well, at Columbia Leonie Adams taught and encouraged me, and I won my first poetry prize at Columbia owing to her. She had her students read Wallace Stevens, "The Snow Man." After studying with Adams I took quite a few workshops with Jill Hoffman, a superb teacher who urged me to study with her opposite, David Shapiro. That imperative was a measure of her strength as a teacher. Through Shapiro, I read some of the New York School poets, whose work I did not necessarily enjoy then as I had come to the critical response to the New York School before I came to the poems of New York School itself. Even as I was going to school I went to poetry readings at the YMHA, but also at Max's Kansas City to hear Paul Blackburn

read before he died, and to the West End to hear David Shapiro read with Jackson MacLow yet also with Walter Abish, reading from what would become *How German Is It*. The experimental novelist Robbe-Grillet (along with early modernists in poetry—Pound, Eliot, Stein, and some Europeans) and experimental film, dance and music then had more sway with me. And then to St. Mark's, where I heard Ishmael Reed read from *Mumbo Jumbo*—which gave me a position on expressivity and orality, and I haven't looked back. I did not enjoy reading Ashbery, so I set myself the assignment of hearing him at St. Mark's. At his reading I remember thinking, I don't get it, I don't get it, I can't deal with that persona through which he is reading. And then—as they say, all of a sudden—I found myself saying, “Why, he's speaking in idiolects and sociolects!” And again, I never looked back. Whether deliberately or intuitively arrived at, I can think with concepts and project from there.

Do you feel the cross-pollination between artists and poets that was such an important part of the New York School is happening now?

I am tempted to say that the New York School represents only a moment in the continual, if not continuous, interdisciplinary productive mismatch and interactivity between the visual and verbal arts. I do believe the New York School has come up with several interesting collaborations, though not as many as some would think. Frankly, the Russian Futurists were more innovative, and perhaps more cognizant of what it means to elicit a spacialization in poetry, or a temporalization in the picture. Let me explain this: in the Soviet era one of the great missions was to bring a feudal society into the 20th century, and for this purpose the largely non-literate culture had to be taken into account. Hence the agitprop trains that went into the countryside were also instruments for literacy. The government sponsored little plays in which the book was the protagonist: it came on the stage and presented itself; it was a material object yet also rhetoric for knowledge and ideology. The team of Aleksandr Rodchenko and Varvara

Stepanova designed such books for the stage and also made what we call photo albums, which initially were largely picture books promoting the idea and the reality of the five-year program: telling a story or a narrative for a future reality to be internalized in the present. The innovation of the album lay presenting a narrative in visual terms because most people couldn't read. So, when it comes to the question of whether or not there is a validity in the visual and verbal dialectic, or cooperative juxtaposition, the answer has to be a decided yes. I mention that not only to give warrant to the Russian Futurist experiment as a historical movement, but also to note an ongoing set of problematics put in play that some people today—let's say Johanna Drucker, Carla Harryman or Barrett Watten—might be considering. That also puts me in mind of acknowledging very different poetics that have cooperated with their counterparts in visual arts—whether the Symbolists or the Surrealists. The cultural implications of formal invention in passing from oral to written to visual texts can mark the social relevance, say, of literacy. I do not necessarily endorse all things that have been done under the aegis of those styles as interesting, let alone significant. However, when we go back to the very complex condition of modernity, some acknowledgment must be made as well to the hieroglyph, or the ideogram, as the nexus or vortex of not only dynamism but of the visual-verbal interaction. That said, there is at this moment a decided spike in visual-verbal cooperation owing to the recent cultural imprint on poetry through structuralism and post-structuralism. For instance, note the linguist schemes of a structuralist type inaugurating Emmanuel Hocquard's *This Story is Mine*, or Norma Cole's post-structuralist naming something through a spectrum of descriptions both visual and verbal, or Jed Rasula and Steve McCaffrey's agglomerated creative conjecture through writing meant to be seen as well as read in *Imagining Language: An Anthology*, or Johanna Drucker's perpetually renewed vow to the artist's book even as she investigates the implication for the word in digital media—all these amply indicate the avidity for interdisciplinary verbal art and visual text in the aftermath of a particular interpretation of modernism that would distinguish the two domains. I was about to say that

I myself have not engaged directly in a collaborative intermedia project when I realized that recently Siah Armajani, the installation artist, has commissioned lines of poetry from me for a public site at Ohio State University, in Athens, Ohio.

The story of the plays reminds me of your poem "Cities of the Table," which looks at the book as an object, then breaks the book down into a series of smaller parts.

Thanks for mentioning it. In that poem I was responding to a particular book and its particular table of contents. It's Gerard Genette's book *The Architexts: An Introduction*, a small, absolutely lucid taxonomy of the lyrical poem. Genette establishes that Aristotle never discusses the lyric in his poetics, and that although Aristotle mentions the dithyramb, a choral ode to Dionysus, it is to praise its narrative thought or feeling. And that defining it by what it is not prior to misreadings that have accrued is about as close as we can get to the origin of the lyric. Otherwise, this book makes explicit that what we respond to when we call up the phrase "the lyric poem" is very much a Romantic construction. I was so enchanted—can one be enchanted by a table of contents?—I was so enchanted by the table of contents of *The Architexts* (which reads thus: Contents, Foreword, Translator's Note, Architext: An Introduction, Index) that this became my source text for brooding, worrying, constructing, framing different sorts of tables of contents. I will spare you my reading the resulting series except to note a favorite found table of contents that enters a poem of mine: List of plates, Foreword to the First Edition, Foreword to the Second Edition, Foreword to the Pelican Edition, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Notes, Supplementary Bibliography, Second Supplementary Bibliography, Table of Names and Dates, Index. I am fascinated with apparatus and supplemental paratextual register. The last section in the new manuscript, called "Delight Instruct," consists of poems which one way or another derive from thinking about, or manipulating, or citing paratexts—a group of poems I've just finished—thank goodness.

When I read "Cities of the Table," I thought they were imagined pieces—I didn't know the poem refers to an actual Table of Contents. It is very playful and, at the same time, I perceive it to be at the center of your philosophical argument.

And how would you place the philosophical argument? Which isn't to say I'm interrogating you—I genuinely want to know what you meant by this.

You strip words of their associative meanings, and present them as objects.

Organizational elements. I think that's a reflection of how I think, play, create; it's also integral to how I approach an artifact, an aesthetic object, a conceptual idea, a conceptual framework, a problem in the world.

To me, it's not a deconstructive practice, though—it's more generative.

That's right. Let me propose this somewhat aberrant reading: deconstruction is an investigative process through which the semantics of a structure yields its literary potential at the expense of its philosophical claim. That's very different from the structuralist approach—which the post-structuralist would say is as much a projection as anything else—that you can get "back to basics" or know the tectonic from its rhetorical accretions. Putting it in other terms (and I'm thinking of the Prague Structuralists here), the structuralist might maintain that linguistic rules are in fact a register of competence with which the poet plays even insofar as he transgresses them (because for a transgression to be meaningful it must refer to that structural, or analytic, set of conventions). I see myself as a lapsed structuralist, or the structuralist with a wish to relativize, to keep as problematic the notion of structure rather than to arrive at a solitary solution that keeps poetry and criticism cognitively distinct. I guess the term cosmopolitan could do, but I don't want that term to become an allegory of my life.

They have great magazine covers.

It's true, but I was hoping for something like *Metropolis*, or *Textual Practice*.

Your poems seem less a critique of the lyric as a mode than an attempt to raise criticality to the level of the lyric. Why is this important to you?

One course I teach is called "The Lyric Lately." I've taught it as a workshop and as a seminar, and as a talk—which was my initial foray into the subject. The talk centered around this question: With the lyric poem so identifiably an expression of early modernity, does it have any use or place in the poetics of post-modernity? One answer is no, insofar as the lyric is an obsolete term professing closed borders on what has become the grand heterogeneity of writing itself. Another answer is perhaps, because it is my interest to speculate, to conjecture utilizing other models. There is a place for the lyric, then, provided that it has something to do other than be a voice, confess its feelings and hum to itself. I maintain these are degrading activities more often than not—and besides, the Romantics and their followers have strategized the lyric in wonderful ways: the Symbolists invented a radically decadent poetics, and the New York School (decidedly French in orientation) have rendered that decadence problematized within a range of high and low sociolects and idiolects. What if the lyric were not a voice, were not an utterance, but were written, hence construed through a presupposition of literature rather than through a presupposition of orality, with its spontaneity and cry. Why not start with the written cultural register and see where that gets you? Posit that there can be such a thing as a thoroughly written form of the lyric as opposed to a sung or spoken one and say or sing critical thinking as it alights on things, or ricochets off them, suspended in a thought process. Allow then the written our expanded notion of the melic, to mean any kind of plangency we can tolerate: We have, after all, been the lucky beneficiaries of jazz, but also of *musique concrète* with Edgard Varèse's *Poème Électronique*, and all the rest of it. Our notion of music can be expanded to include much, so why not project a notion of the lyric that is written and has an expanded discursive expressivity.

What I like about your poems—and maybe this is my own misreading of your work—is that you begin with a series of equations and then start playing them out against each other to see where they might lead. There's a freedom there that is the same as a jazz soloist beginning with a melody and then stretching out—

Beginning with a given, and even a standard. In jazz a standard does not necessarily develop melody—or even chord relations; departures can really be imaginative constructs precisely because a stereotype is thoroughly known, precisely because one can count on the commonality of that material. This connects to my relationship to the reader. I don't think of a reader in terms of audience. Millennia of creative and creatively intellectual products are in the public domain. We are late in this conversation. Does that mean that anyone who comes along must recapitulate in some remedial fashion that which has preceded them? I hope not, though *The New York Times* and nearly every art magazine suggests that remedial irrelevant chatter suffices. I would maintain that, if we are charged with anything, it's the charge to be interesting to our antecedents, and the people who will come afterwards who will be worthy of them. I'm not writing to speak to Dante and no one else; I'm trying to do my best work, that's all. And I'm speaking to anyone who can put up with the stuff. And when I read someone else's poems it's my responsibility to learn the language that this person's work is engaged in, to learn the textual context-literature in the broadest possible sense.

I keep thinking that beauty resides very comfortably in your home, and I wonder if you would agree?

What do you mean by beauty? I really need to know that before I answer you.

I'd be curious how you define beauty.

Well, I'm going to go to the mat on this one. I will work with anything you give me, but I need to know what you mean by that term.

It's very similar to a notion of who the reader might be. In any art form there is a tradition, and notions of beauty change from period to period. I think it's generally defined as something fairly Romantic, and consequently there's a lot of resistance to it.

Well, what do you mean then when you say that it's something "I'm fairly comfortable with"? We could use some help here.

What about the first three stanzas in the first poem in The Annotated Here:

*The here of actual space, addressed
in face, to face
proximally yet aesthetically in pencil
like an eyelash*

*an eyelash addressing the cameras
which tantalizes.*

*And so forth.
"And so forth," meaning "setting out"
reiteratively from the heartland.*

The pacing—the phrasing, the syntax—as well as the way in which the pacing creates a kind of thinking that addresses ideas, yet lets the ideas come in a sort of mellifluous fashion, a fashion that is your own. It has a kind of beauty of statement that I immediately respond to.

I'm going to suggest (playfully) that you're responding to two things: assonance and the word aesthetic. Assonance, that is to say, something that can be said comfortably through the voice, tends to be identified as lyricism. And although the word "aesthetic" refers to the philosophy of beauty (prior to their synonymy in the 18th century), they are two very different things and yet we conflate them. I also think that perhaps you might be responding to the circumstance of the face, or the naming of that part of

the body which in nature and very often from the male perspective is the marked site of forms that are seen to be beautiful, that is, beauty as pulchritude. I think the aggregate of those things deludes you into thinking those three stanzas are beautiful.

I would say that what's beautiful about those three stanzas is the way in which there is a kind of sonic mellifluousness that is not just assonant but alliterative and rhythmic. It parallels a kind of fluid thinking process. This union of form and content is what I would define as beautiful.

Okay. Now that makes more sense—not necessarily in terms of my poems, but as an attribute of what people consider beautiful: that there be a seamlessness, whether it's the contrapposto in a classical mode that Reynolds restates as the serpentine line or a graceful mode of thought which appears beautiful insofar as it is unimpeded or unobstructed. They are very often identified in certain philosophies of aesthetics. By the way, my essay "Contratemplates," published in *Uncontrollable Beauty*, discusses Duchamp's paradoxical redrafting of this mode of beauty.

I'm also very aware that there's a lot of imagistic, rhetorical, and philosophical leaping in the poem. This creates a psychic dissonance, and yet the writing is fluid.

That introduces a different dimension to beauty: what you find beautiful is actually a kind of tension whereby registers of meaning proceeding at variance with each other form a mental complex. Getting away from my poem for just a second (because the critic in me, as you have observed, is now mobilized), in my seminar "The Lyric Lately" I introduce a couple of poems for which lyricism is the decided affective or sound construction. For instance, C.D. Wright's *Deepstep Come Shining* is an incantation, and as such its aesthetics are decadent and gothic, yet in its soundscape has a heightened, almost exaggerated, lyricism. Alternatively, John Taggart's "Slow Song for Mark Rothko" or "Abide With Me," is pietist, and Barbara Guest's "Quill

Solitary Apparition," is hedonist yet hermetic, yet these engage a mellifluousness of particular sounds and images. I would maintain the lyric poem is all too readily identified with the lyricism of those attributes. That's why I also resist, obnoxiously, the term "beauty" which is actually really vexed and complex. Sometimes beauty is established through the tradition of Kant and how it has been culturally colonized, and sometimes it is discussed through sex and identified with attractiveness. And these are very different worlds. When I hear that term I have to stop everything and at least find out what the person means by it if possible, or else we'll never get anywhere. That's why I became a bit feisty.

IN THE NAME OF STUDIO

Marjorie Welish

for Norma Cole

A STUDIO

Cadmium Yellow Lemon

Cadmium Yellow Light

STUDIO: 1994

Cadmium Yellow Lemon
Cadmium Yellow Light,
and the eye of a blackbird.

Paper halved to indicate
that Cadmium Yellow Light
is not Cadmium Yellow Lemon.

Throughout atrium
Cadmium Yellow Light
acquiring ground and air.

Left and right brilliant
if unintelligible yellow and yellow—
inconsequential likeness.

Pigment formatted
through light through
lamp through chemical

philanthropy litmus
paper enlargement
“digitally enhanced.”

Of yellow ordinarily
optical now chemical
incompatibilities.

STUDIO: LATER THAT DAY

Twin cities: yellow light
Cadmium Yellow Light
emitting voice across skin.

Paper folded to indicate
that Cadmium Yellow Light
and Cadmium Yellow Lemon

are logically off and on
perceptually outbound
rhetorically orant-splayed.

STUDIO: EARLIER THAT DAY

Twin canvases: red and red
this, meaning regal
that, meaning wedge.

Twin canvases: root and reference
commonplace, revised and reiterated
res and real.

Red and red: see Representation,
see Art History, see Art History:
the Discourse of Representing Red

Yellow and yellow: twin canvases
representing red, meaning regal
increase and immortal coin.

START HERE

Only categorical
value obtains. Yellow.
Analyticity.

Only empty only
value obtains. Yellows
in analyticity. Hello.

[UNTITLED]

mustard
parchment

brilliant yellow
chrome yellow
Naples yellow
yellow ochre

red
yellow
blue

TANGRAM FOR THE STUDY

red and yellow and blue by air mail
across from city hall, black and white

red and yellow or blue foliate
mustard and parchment pleat

except for brilliant yellow
chrome yellow without exception

to seem more and more Naples yellow
to make an example of yellow ochre

CEDAR-PLUMS LIKE—NAMES

Walt Whitman

One time I thought of naming this collection "Ceder-Plums Like" (which I still fancy wouldn't have been a bad name, nor inappropriate.) A mélange of loafing, looking, hobbling, sitting, traveling—a little thinking thrown in for salt, but very little—some literary meditations—books, authors examined, Carlyle, Poe, Emerson tried, (always under my cedar-tree, in the open air, and never in the library)—mostly the scenes everybody sees, but some of my own caprices, meditations, egotism—truly an open air and mainly summer formation—singly, or in clusters—wild and free and somewhat acrid—indeed more like cedar-plums than you might guess at first glance.

But do you know what they are? (To city man, or some sweet parlor lady, I now talk.) As you go along roads, or barrens, or across country, anywhere through these States, middle, eastern, western, or southern, you will see, certain seasons of the year, the thick woolly tufts of the cedar mottled with bunches of china-blue berries, about as big as fox-grapes. But first a special word for the tree itself: everybody knows that the cedar is a healthy, cheap, democratic wood, streak'd red and white—an evergreen—that it grows inland or seaboard, all climates, hot or cold, any soil—in fact rather prefers sand and bleak side spots—content if the plough, the fertilizer and the trimming-axe, will but keep away and let it alone. After a long rain, when everything looks bright, often have I stopt in my wood-saunters, south or north, or far west, to take in its dusky green, wash'd clean and sweet, and speck'd copiously with its fruit of clear, hardy blue. The wood of the cedar is of use—but what profit on earth are those sprigs of acrid plums? A

question impossible to answer satisfactorily. True, some of the herb doctors give them for stomachic affections, but the remedy is as bad as the disease. Then in my rambles down in Camden county I once found an old crazy woman gathering the clusters with zeal and joy. She show'd, as I was told afterward, a sort of infatuation for them, and every year placed and kept profuse bunches high and low about her room. They had a strange charm on her uneasy head, and effected docility and peace. (She was harmless, and lived near by with her well-off married daughter.) Whether there is any connection between those bunches, and being out of one's wits, I cannot say, but I myself entertain a weakness for them. Indeed, I love the cedar, anyhow—its naked ruggedness, its just palpable odor, (so different from the perfumer's best,) its silence, its equable acceptance of winter's cold and summer's heat, of rain or drouth—its shelter to me from those, at times—its associations—(well, I never could explain *why* I love anybody, or anything.) The service I now specially owe to the cedar is, while I cast around for a name for my proposed collection, hesitating, puzzled—after rejecting a long, long string, I lift my eyes, and lo! The very term I want. At any rate, I do no further—I tire in the search. I take what some invisible kind spirit has put before me. Besides, who shall say there is not affinity enough between (at least the bundle of sticks that produced) many of these pieces, or granulations, and those of blue berries? their uselessness growing wild—a certain aroma of Nature I would so like to have in my pages—the thin soil whence they come—their content being let alone—their stolid and deaf repugnance to answering questions, (this latter the nearest, dearest trait affinity of all.)

Then reader dear, in conclusion, as to the point of the name for the present collection, let us be satisfied to *have* a name—something to identify and bind it together, to concrete all its vegetable, mineral, personal memoranda, abrupt raids of criticism, crude gossip of philosophy, varied sands and

clumps—without bothering ourselves because certain pages do not present entire fitness or amiability. (It is a profound, vexatious, never-explicable matter—this of names. I have been exercised deeply about it my whole life.)*

After all of which the name "Cedar-Plums Like" got its nose put out of joint; but I cannot afford to throw away what I pencill'd down the lane there, under the shelter of my old friend on warm October noon. Besides, it wouldn't be civil to the cedar tree.

* In the pocket of my receptacle-book I find a list of suggested and rejected names for this volume, or parts of it—such as the following:

As the wild bee hums in May,
& August mulleins grow,
& Winter snow-flakes fall,
& stars in the sky roll round.

Away from Books—away from Art,
Now for the Day and Night—the lesson done,
Now for the Sun and Stars.

Notes of a half-Paralytic,
Week in and Week out,
Embers of Ending Days,
Ducks and Drakes,
Flood Tide and Ebb,
Gossip at Early Candle-light,
Echoes and Escapades,
Such as I Evening Dews,
Notes after Writing a Book,
Far and Near at 63,

Drifts and Cumulus,
Maize-Tassels Kindlings,
Fore and Aft Vestibules,
Scintilla at 69 and after,
Sands on the Shores of 64,
As Voices in the Dusk, from Speakers far or hid,
Autochthons Embryons,
Wind-and-Wing,
Notes and Recallés,
Only Mulleins and Bumble-Bees,
Pond-Babble Tête-à-Têtes,
Echoes of a Life in the 19th Century in the New World,
Flanges of Fifty Years,
Abandons Hurry Notes,
A Life-Mosaic Native Moments,
Types and Semi-Types,
Oddments Sand Drifts,
Again and Again.

HOMESICKNESS

Marina Tsvetaeva

Raw: ingrown: unrest.
Indifferent to me
now, the location
of my wholly aloneness.

Stones that stumble me
home bag-heavy,
a housing as mine as anyone's
ward or fortress.

Indifferent to me also—veldtless
lion—the faces that mow
me down—the human clique
that will cast me

inevitably out: into
me, my
lonely motive, a polar
bear minus the ice.

Where I am unfit (and I refuse
to assume their sizes),
where I am lower than anyone,
the rung of my humanhood,

is indifferent to me, as are
the enticements
of my native tongue,
its lactose lure. What does it matter

in what language I am
mistaken by anyone? (Or the unmeetable
readers, mouthers of headlines,
rumor-mongers). They are at home

in the twentieth century,
but I am prior
to time, a log left in the axed
avenue of trees. Indistinguishable

now, the people—
their brand of sameness,
and most indifferent of all—
these names wrenched

from their nativity, the vital
dates erased. It seems
the soul is never
born in time, but only in place.

But my country so unmothered me
that the keenest spy
could eye me over and find
no native taint.

Houses maroon me. Temples empty.
My only refuge is in-

difference. But if, off the beaten,
there crept the red: original:

rowanberry. . . .

[WORRY-WORN: GOD]

Worry-worn: god
for once paused
pleased. The creator
of the plenty of angels

(every last radiant-veined
one of them) saw
how some grew engulfed
by their own wings,

while others (women
heaving stunted
breasts) flapped
their nothing feathers.

He did not put
the differences on them.
Is not the reason
I cry. I weep

because more than even
god, I worship
the messengers.

—translated from the Russian by Christina Davis

BIRTHDAY

Susanna Lang

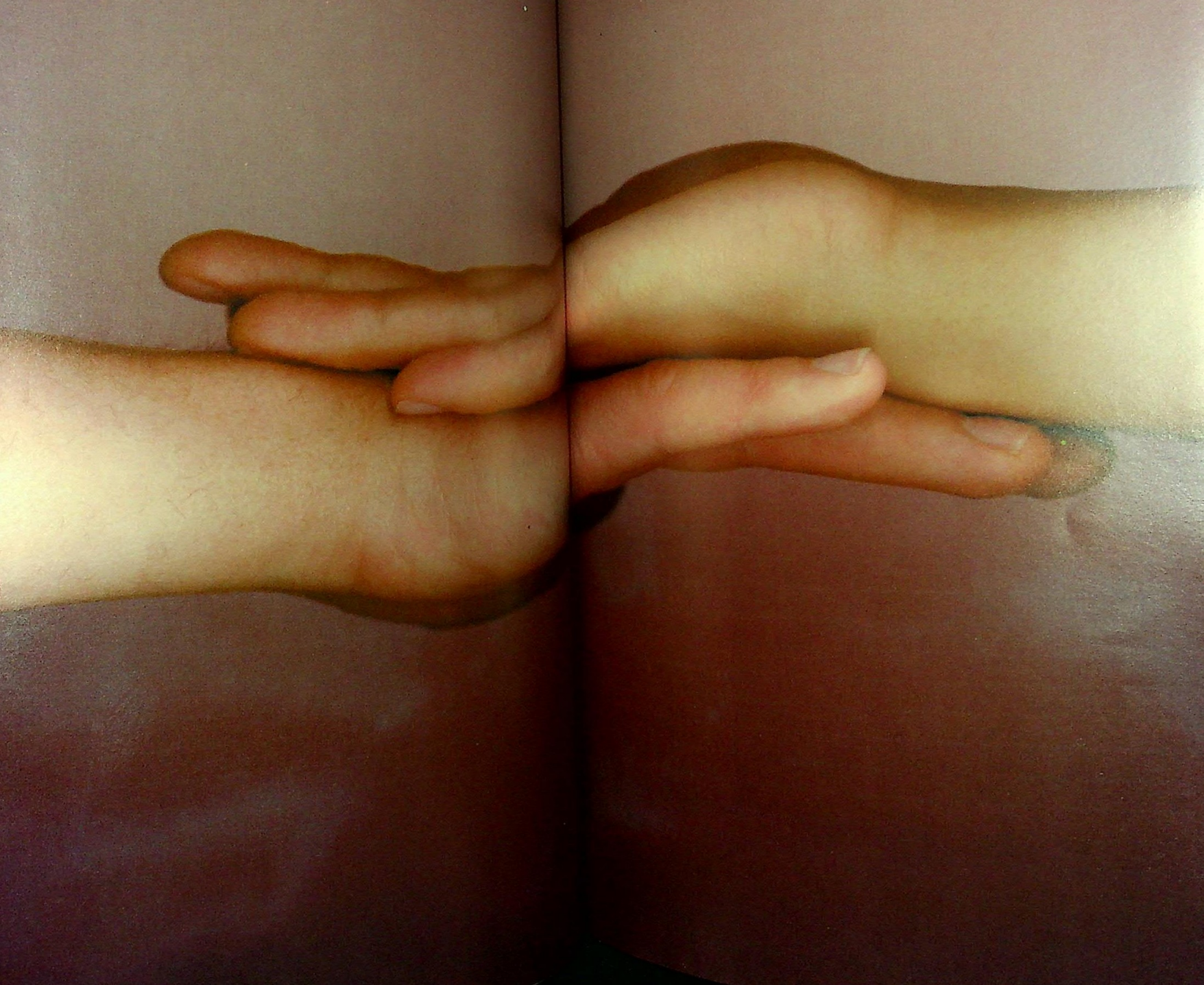
in memory of my mother's mother

I do not know where she came from except that it was in the indeterminate region which could be Poland or sometimes Russia. I only know it was in a place where windows were double paned. I've heard that the soldiers came. I do not know how she came except that her family stopped for a while in Sweden. I do not know her birth date because the Bible was lost on the way. She chose a day and then I was born on that day. I do not know whom she married except that he had her same name. I do not know anything about her language except that she did not speak it when I was there. I do not know where she went but when we opened the door, she was there, and in each hand she carried a shopping bag filled with lobsters.



21

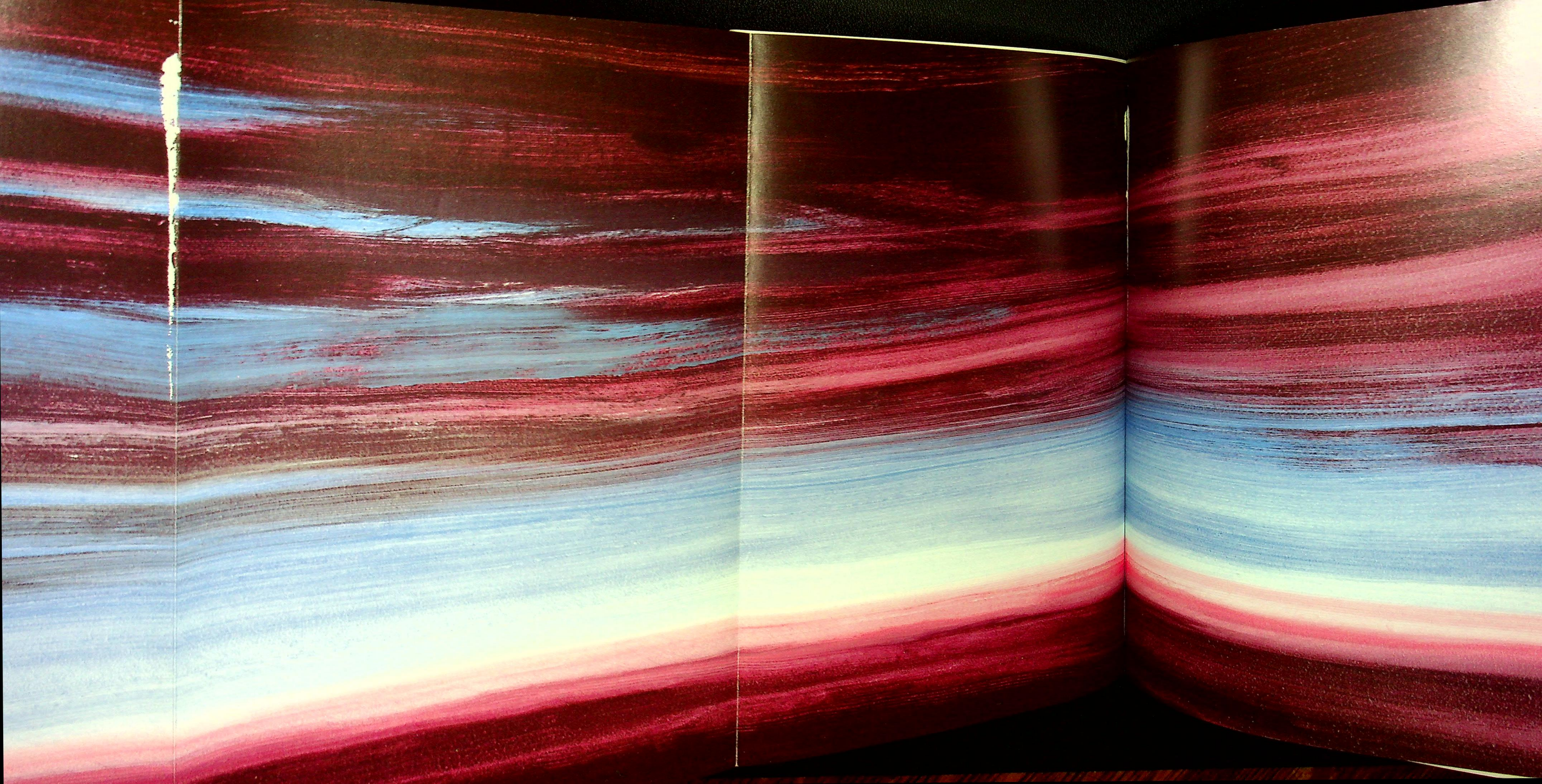
a project for jubilat seven
Jeff Hilliard & Nina Swift













A DARK RED SPACE OVER LIGHT BLACK

Bhanu Kapil Rider

"A path is always between two points, but the line in-between has taken on all the consistency and enjoys both an autonomy and a direction of its own. The life of the nomad is the intermezzo."

from *Treatise on Nomadology—The War Machine*
by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari

The milky photographs fell out of her skirt. The orphans followed them until the line parallel to the perimeter turned into a dark red line. Dark red over light black. Like angels, they kept their blood in long tubes and the tubes were knotted off, who knotted them. "My angels," said Joseph, in descriptions of his Mission to his Bishop. The Bishop sends his wife, to visit, but Kamala is gone, gone, double-gone, and the orphans eat their fill of braised lentils and boiled rice, until the supplies run out. A family of invented daughters, the good father agitated at dusk and gone by morning. The mother says: "She wasn't normal."

Kamala walks vertically between territories, in the strip of fallow land at the brim of settlements. To her right, she sees, sometimes, early, the fruit-orange cut of a bamboo cutter's dress, or hears gold as the woman raises her hand to move a silver branch, her bracelets slipping back to the thick part of her arm.

The bamboo cutters are nomads, from Bhutan. At night, they build a fire

and roast flowers on a striated leaf. They roll the leaf and smoke it. When wolves observe them, they see the two dark lines above and below the human eyelids, and the reddish dots the men have hollowed out, with spines and tree ink, above their eyebrows. Retreating, the wolves turn into trees again. The men and women have sex like angels in the roots of a veining tree. Two by two. The trees, hanging wet, straight down, like newly washed hair, touch the woman's back as she folds, asking for water. This man, a visitor, a sort of doctor, finds her mouth in the dark, cuts a leaf from the tree and rubs it into the back of her neck, where her neck meets the muscle behind her left ear. It is a marma point to reduce thirst. "Jal," says the man, "Is throat, but also water." The woman giggles. "Right here, this. Jalandhara Bandha. It catches all the nectar in the throat. It destroys all ailments. But you can't understand a word I'm saying, can you? Thirsty?" He is an exorcist, employed by the state. Kamala smells for him, faces in the direction of his memories. She smells Joseph. When she feels the fluid in her own throat about to drop into her neck, she puts her chin to her chest, as he does when the woman leaves to squat him out of her, behind a bush. Inside the bush, netted, Kamala takes some icy breaths. At the limit of the in-breath, her chest bone pops; the exorcist opens his eyes, then settles. In his body, he feels the mysteries of his status, he has a theory of tracking. They are failed mysteries. The nomad senses this, by morning she is gone. Kamala follows her, choosing the lust and clear cheese smell of her cotton shirt, the way she navigates densities with her arms, preferring the density to the right of the perimeter over the red and green path that leads to the city, the sea, similarly.

Joseph, at his window, drinks his tea, waiting for his daughter to come home. "But she is so small and bony." Assi-ma comes into the library for his muddy cup and plate, with a black face. By nightfall, the exorcist returns with his red, intuitive eyes. "When I woke up, she was gone. I followed the trail she made, of snapped branches, until it reached the open space where the road is. Please forgive me." Joseph conceals his

external personality, and calls his wife to bring the tea. When the tea has made them sick from the heat, and they are sleeping, Joseph slips off the Mission. The sun makes a japa in his head, as it did before Jesus. Jesus looks out of a window, going from window to window, to get a last glimpse of his son. But Joseph is chanting himself into a sensory function.

My daughter,
my daughter,
my daughter.

The trees move out of his way. The road sticks to his feet.

Delta or consummation; or—the ground is wet. Kamala sees her, in the distance, consummating her blouses, her long red skirt, with river soap.

The nomad blackens then rinses her clothing, then lets it dry on the rocks, where a crow is standing on one leg, very black, a messenger from the sun. "Ch-ch-ch!" says the nomad, and the crow, disturbed, rises up, dropping a white ball of shit on the blouse as she passes. Dried, it is an element. Kamala keeps her eye on this element, or disc, as the nomad reaches the outskirts of the city. By noon, the crust has fallen off and Kamala stands, her belly pulsing, her thigh muscles twitching with the effort of keeping herself invisible. Where is she? But the mother-like migrant has dissolved into a colony: strange markings on every surface, roasting corn husks, doors opening on doors. Kamala cocks her head and flattens her tail, lets her eyes go soft. It is a field. Her biology falters, the field does not settle into heartbeats, domains of food and shelter. The smoke from the corn packs into the spaces between vertebrae, makes her spinal fluids grey. The nerve holes of her sacrum beat, the wind from the city is steady as she walks, doors open and close all around her, like blood valves. Where the smoke hardens into its essential oils, a man is squatting in a doorway, smoking. The kitchen space behind his body is bright yellow with the smell of corn. It is a tribal smell. Kamala lowers her head and raises her right arm to her chin—as her mother did, when sharing a kill.

Begs, and the man's eyes decide what she will look like, when she has eaten her food. He says: "Wait there." He is a murderer, but Kamala is human now, she cannot read his shoulder blades. The man, Amitabh, extends his left arm, with its plate of yellow. Nutrients flood her blood, but Kamala is dizzy, her motor nerves say yes, her sensory nerves say no.

FIVE POEMS

Catullus

2

Sparrow, my girl's little lover,
the playmate she cradles in her breasts
and cruelly teases with her fingertips
to provoke another shrill attack—
when my desire shines too bright,
laughing about something precious
offers a little solace for her pain,
and thinking that such a deep fire
might subside, I want to play with you
as she does and forget my problems.

I am as grateful as the limber girl
was to the golden apple that undid
the tight sash she'd worn so long

That boat you see, my friends, claims
 to have been the swiftest of ships,
 and not unable to overtake the approach
 of any buoyant lumber by flying with
 its little palms or its linens—and it denies
 that this could be denied by the perilous
 Adriatic coast, the Cycladic islands,
 noble Rhodes, the savage Thracian sea
 or the grim Pontic bay, where this boat
 to be was once an unkempt grove with
 hair that often whispered atop Cytoris.
 Pontic Amastris and Cytorean boxwood,
 the boat says that you have long known
 its story: as your descendant, it claims
 to have stood at your summit and steeped
 its little palms in your calm waters
 before it bore its master through so many
 raging straits—and whether the winds
 blew left or right, or whether Jupiter
 followed on both sheets at once, it never
 had to make any vows to the shore gods
 before coming from the last sea to rest
 in this limpid lake. But these things
 happened long ago, and having retired
 it now rests quietly and gives itself to you,
 Castor the twin and the twin of Castor.

You'll dine well at my place
in a few days, Fabullus, if the gods
are willing—and if you bring a nice
big dinner along with a lovely girl,
wine, and your salty sense of humor.
You're charming, and you'll dine well,
I say, if you bring these things—
for Catullus' wallet is full of cobwebs.
But in return you'll receive something
more sweet and rare than love itself—
for I'll give you the perfume that
Venuses and Cupids have bestowed
upon my girl—and when you smell it,
Fabullus, you'll ask the gods to turn
your entire body into one big nose.

O *Colonia*, you want to jump and play
 on the long bridge you've prepared
 for this occasion, but you're afraid that
 its recycled planks and rickety beams
 will cause it to wobble and slide supine
 into the swamp's basin. Let the bridge
 stand up to your desires and endure even
 the rites of Salisubsalus—but give me
 the gift, *Colonia*, of heartiest laughter.
 I want a certain fellow-citizen to hurtle
 head over heels into the muck, especially
 where the fetid water is most brackish
 and the basin forms its deepest abyss.
 This man is so insipid he doesn't know
 as much as a two-year-old boy asleep
 in his father's trembling arms. Although
 he's married to a girl who's still blooming,
 a girl who's more playful than a little goat—
 and who should be watched more carefully
 than the ripest bunch of grapes, he lets
 her play as she pleases, without caring
 a hair or rising up to defend himself—
 lying there instead like an alder lamed
 by a Ligurian axe, knowing everything
 just as much as if it weren't there at all.
 This man of mine is such a dolt that
 he sees nothing and hears nothing—
 what he himself is, whether he actually
 exists or not, he doesn't know either.
 Now I wish to heave him face first

from your bridge—maybe he can startle
from his dense slumber and lose
his supine soul in the viscous filth,
as a mule struggling in the mire
leaves behind her ironclad sandal.

Thallus, you bottom, you're softer
 than a rabbit's fur or a goose's marrow
 or a tiny earlobe or the sleepy penis
 of an old man covered in cobwebs—
 but you're bolder than a hurricane,
 Thallus, when the goddess Sloth
 tells you that the others are yawning—
 return the cloak you snatched from me
 and the Saetaban napkins and colored
 Bythinian cloth that you, like a fool,
 often display as if they're inherited.
 Pry these things from your claws
 and send them back, or burning whips
 may scribble wickedly over your
 wooly soft sides and dainty hands,
 searing you with an unusual desire—
 to writhe like a toy ship on a real sea
 that's been seized by a raging gale.

—translated from the Latin by Rick Snyder

RETIRED TO THE TROPICS

Geoff Bouvier

The sound of wind in trees with leaves that move, at once, I overheard. Then *I* moved and hit my final height, and westward southward fronds had dropped the song. The stopped winds let me sing for them alone. No tone, not one. I can't forget the tune.

Here was only sun on sand, only emptied air. No wetted middle spaces' dins accomplished, leaved and buzzing birded flushly lush with green good life. Granted, I could learn them and the silent signs. But when I stole my own way here, far, I brought these other singing things, each as I could.

Whatever it was they said. . . . Near and soon, purple deepens dusk the same. Though no repetitious crickets gush their thanks thanks thanks thanks thanks be to moon. The flux of seasons tightens tuned along a few degrees of weathered string.

So what was it said, what says, and why did I, so sudden, even hear *the once* again (it must have been one more than once, and is, this time, again). *Again*, this issueless vow, a quieter wind that gathers in the years has found a blushed autumnal mind, mine, and *that* moves now.

from 365 DAYS RENAMED

Mark Booth

365 Days Renamed is a text-based audio artwork scored for multiple voices and structured instrumental improvisation. It is part of an ongoing series inspired by the still life paintings of seventeenth century Spanish artist Juan Sanchez Cotan entitled "A Spanish Still Life (or, A Tentacle Footed Tiger)." Each month is assigned varying combinations of instrumental improvisers who are free to play or remain silent within the confines of the month. Each month features two primary vocalists reading the day's date and name respectively, and up to six secondary vocalists. In the written audio score primary vocal passages are indicated by upper case letters and secondary vocal lines appear in lower case letters. Synchronized and unison vocalizations featuring secondary vocalists are indicated by single spaced lines directly below preceding lines. Underscores beneath the primary vocal entries indicate that the underlined word is to serve as the cue point for simultaneous speech. Days in the calendar year falling on the Fibonacci number sequence (days 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, and 233) appear in bold and are referred to by their numerical position within the year, for instance "Day 1" instead of "January 1." The day names on Fibonacci numbered days are read and repeated by the group in a call and response vocal pattern.

—Mark Booth

MARCH 1: A GEODE AND A MANTLEPIECE WALK INTO A BAR

A liberating coolness in air

A HANDMADE FLAG

A brightly colored drink

A CHERRY COLORED TREE

Sun light halted mid-beam

CRENELLATIONS ABOVE A NAME

MARCH 2: SOMETHING IN SHADOW

March 2nd : In Shadow

Suspended forms

POLLEN ON THE BEAKS OF CRANES

A BRIGHTLY COLORED RESIDUE

A substance on the tongue

A lifetime without pomade

FATIGUE DELIVERS DISTANT SPEECH

A ledger of warping

A record of happy observations

MARCH 3: A RECORD OF PLEASANT OBSERVATIONS

Melting ice

CICADAS AND NIGHT SOUNDS

An expanse of silica

An inquisitive mollusk

AN ODIFEROUS ANCHOR

A CONTEMPORARY STRUCTURE

A foreleg

The age of equipment and vehicles

A WALLET-SIZED PHOTO OF CONDENSATION
OR

A MUSICAL CHIME CALLED "PERMAFROST"

MARCH 4: THE HEAD OF A HORSE EATING SPILLED
SUGAR

Withered tips

A FLOATING BUILDING

WINTER ELSEWHERE

Bushes incised with songs

The husbandry of hair

Compound eyes day

CLOUDS HIDDEN FROM VIEW

An island with stripes

Violet

AN EXTRA ORIFICE ENGINEERED IN THE
BODY EXPRESSLY FOR THERMOMETERS

MARCH 5: A PONY EATING A COUGAR

A small soft light

RAIN HIDDEN FROM VIEW

AN EMBROIDERED WORD IN THE SHAPE OF A
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

A mechanism that propels the sea
A BEE EATING A PONY

A GENTLE PERSONAGE

A food chain reversed

CLOUDS OF DIFFERENT TEXTURES AND
HEIGHTS

Or cocktail mints unadulterated by bodily fluids

MARCH 6: A COUGAR EATING SUGARED RINDS

A STUPA AND A MOUNDS BAR WALK INTO A
BAR

A TREE IN LIGHT AND A TREE IN SHADOW
Snow hidden from view

PEACEFUL COHABITATION OF CULTURES DAY

Oral Disinfectant Day

A Complex Smell Day

Bright yet Cold Day

A SOUND TRANSMITTED THROUGH FLOOR
BOARDS

MARCH 7: MOSS FLAVOR
 Moss flavoring
 Hail hidden from view
 Discoloration

A BONSAI AND A MILKDUD WALK INTO A BAR
A MECHANICAL ORGAN WITH A PECULIAR
ORGANIC ODOR
A magnetic pole

DECAYING TREES VISIBLE BELOW THE SUR
FACE OF THE WATER

MARCH 8: A PERFUME NAMED: "ERTHROLABE,
CYANOLABE, CHLOROLABE, AND
RHODOPSIN"

Two Cedars

A JUNIPER berry IN THE MIND

A third and final cedar
 Former water

MARCH 9: HANDS WHICH RETAIN COLD

AN EVENING COLORED SENSATION
An image of a flying insect

- MARCH 10: A MIND WHICH RETAINS COLD
MARCH 11: RAIN COLORED CLOTHES
MARCH 12: A FOREST DRAGGED BY A SHOE
MARCH 13: A ROAD SCENTED BY FIELDS OF FRESHLY
CUT MINT
MARCH 14: AN ENVELOPING HEAT
MARCH 15: SEAMS IN THE EARTH

A Granular Light

- MARCH 16: A SPECIALIZED ROAD NAMED "RAIL"
MARCH 17: A FOG: SOLID BUT SUNLIT
MARCH 18: DEER HOOVES IN CRISP SNOW
MARCH 19: A PEARLY SUBSTANCE
MARCH 20: DIRT FROM UNDER FINGERNAILS
MARCH 21: LOW LYING CLOUDS TOUCHING ANTLERS

A plant with hollow leaves
A traditional color for a particular thing

MARCH 22: A THIN SHELL IN THE BEAK OF A BIRD
DIFFUSED BY MOISTURE

A well oiled reflection

A DIM STAR WITHERS BUT STILL BURNS

MARCH 23: A MYSTERIOUS FUNGUS

A tern asleep

THE CONDITION BEFORE LIGHT TOUCHES
EARTH

A fruit through which no tooth passes

A FOX AND A FOX AND A FOX AND A LOG

A door in the middle of a blackboard

A LOG AND A LOG AND AN EARWIG AND A
LOG AND AN EARWIG AND A LOG

MARCH 24: A WREN AND A TERN DISCOVERED SLEEPING
TOGETHER

A REFLECTION OF AN ILLUMINATING
DEVICE IN A WINDOW

The sound of pages turned at the speed of reading

A SOUND INDICATING WATER FLOWING
INTO DRAINS

A wren and a tern asleep together

A TALL GATE

A termite and a termite

An earwig and a fox and an earwig and a log
Misdiagnosis

MARCH 25: A MOUNTAIN LION IN A JAGUAR COSTUME

A disagreeable nest of wasps

A tinted hourglass

A lake halfway up a mountain

WHERE CLOUDS COLLIDE AND DRIP FLUID
INTO WAXED PAPER CARTONS

A room enclosed in glass

The skin of a word

CORRECTIVE LENSES FOR EXCESSIVE OGLING

Everything never made

Neither pleasant nor unpleasant

A SECURITY APPARATUS FOR HIBISCUS

MARCH 26: A SIMULATED MOUNTAIN RANGE

Scattered plates representing a lawn

VARIETIES OF NESTS

SIRENS AND BELLS

A town asleep

THE ERASURE OF HISTORY

The remains of an evaporated syrup

A discharge of emotion

A country asleep

An expanse of grass

A preoccupation with mental
control

A hemisphere asleep

MARCH 27: A SINGLE FLAPPING SOUND

A sphere made from a multi-
colored substance

Day of obligatory facial hair

AN INCONSOLABLE WATCH WALKS INTO A
BAR

A ROOM IN WHICH TO LISTEN

Reflections on a smooth surface

A CIRCLE MADE BY A YOUNG HAND

Ideas stored for the future
Embalming materials

A restful moment for embalming materials

Atmospheric conditions
IMPERCEPTIBLE REFLECTIONS OFF SKIN

A LUMINOUS DISTANT BODY

MARCH 28: A LICHEN COVERED STONE

A TRAIL OF BREAD PUDDING

A rectangle of stone crop

An unfortunate odor rising from
below where you are presently

AN ICEBERG SMELL

SLEEP IS FOR CONTEMPLATION

Two persons

An unfortunate odor

WITHOUT BIGOTRY

Food for sustenance

THE PROGRESSIVELY HOLLOWING SUN

SLEEP REHEARSES THE ROLE OF AWAKE

The smell of metal

Oceans fill the street

AN OBJECT HALF IN, AND HALF OUT OF FLUID

OR

A FLYING CREATURE THAT LANDS ON A
FOREHEAD AND DEPARTS AGAIN

MARCH 29: A FLAPPING SOUND ENVELOPING ALL
SOUNDS

OR

OPPOSING BREATHS

Opposable breath

SHAVED ICE WITH FLAVORING

Ichor covered limbs, limes, and hams

Simple Architecture

Architecture remains simplistic

(DUST) COLORED HILLS FROM ABOVE

Trees that resemble spilled pepper

MAGNETOSPHERE, MIST, AND TABLE MIRROR

WATER STANDING IN A SHALLOW DEPRESSION
Magnetosphere, mist, and mirror

DAY 89:

BURDENED BY WASTE

AN ICED BEVERAGE
UNDER THE FINGERNAIL ODOR

PROCRASTINATION SOUNDS

AN EYE CONTAINING THE INVERTED IMAGE
OF A TOWER

UNDERGARMENTS MADE FROM SHADOWS

THE AMPLIFICATION OF LIGHT

RIDGES ON A STALK

EARWAX CONSERVED IN A LOZENGE TIN

MEDIATION DAY

THE SHAPE OF A BIRD AND THE COLOR OF A BIRD

MARCH 31: A MECHANICAL ORGAN

A WHITE VEHICLE WITH SIMILAR WINDOWS

Odors towed by sleep

The cells of the eye eroding in constellation shapes

faces

The shapes of

A tool that conveys patterns

RESIDUAL SAP

Interchangeable body parts

The future shape of feces

An area reserved for nature

An elaborate theory

OCTOBER 1: A MISSING COLLECTION OF WRITHING

OCTOBER 2: VOICES OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN MUTED
THROUGH GLASS

OCTOBER 3: A VISUAL CONVENTION TO IMPLY DIMENSION

OCTOBER 4: A BIOLUMINESCENT BUILDING

OCTOBER 5: SUNLIGHT CUT INTO WEDGES

OCTOBER 6: A THIN PEEL AMELIORATES MEANINGLESS
GESTURES

OCTOBER 7: STRANGE THIGHS

OCTOBER 8: AN ALLEGORICAL MAP BEFORE INJECTION

OF ALLERGEN

- OCTOBER 9: REFLECTIONS OF A LABORATORY WINDOW
ON THE NEAR AND FAR SIDE OF A SPHERE.
- OCTOBER 10: A LESION ON THE SKIN WHICH HAS VANISHED
- OCTOBER 11: A NECK FILLED WITH A SMALL BROOK
- OCTOBER 12: A LOCATION FOR REPUTED PUBLIC INTER-
COURSE
- OCTOBER 13: A HALF SMILE
- OCTOBER 14: AN ECLIPSE THAT IS LUKEWARM TO THE
TOUCH
- OCTOBER 15: A SENTENCE REPEATED
- OCTOBER 16: AN INDENTATION IN SKIN FROM CLOTHES
(WORN OVERLONG)
- OCTOBER 17: THE POINT AT WHICH THE ARTIFICIAL
BECOMES AUTHENTIC
- OCTOBER 18: AN ALMOST INVISIBLE CREATURE
- OCTOBER 19: A FAMILY OBSERVING THE END OF A POND
- THE NAME OF A COLOR
Marine creatures in a pancake

OCTOBER 20: A YELLOW DAHLIA WITH RED TIPS

OCTOBER 21: BECOMES GLITTERING
Underground

AN INEFFECTIVE BARRIER

A coldness

COLORS THAT REPLACE WORDS

A MEMORIAL SYRUP FOR THAT WHICH HAS
BEEN FORGOTTEN

A world reproduced

A grandmother replaced by an imposter

OCTOBER 22: A MOTH AT REST IN THE MOUTH OF A STORK

AT THE CHIN

Kindness

A COLOR FROM THE PAST LINED WITH TREES
Compassion

OCTOBER 23: A VEHICLE CONSISTING OF A PILOT'S CHAIR
WITHIN A FLOATING MOUND OF AMBERGRIS

AN ALARM MISTAKEN FOR MULTIPLE TUNING
FORKS

A cover to protect the body from dust
A form of conveyance
A CHEMICAL TO SOFTEN THE FIBROUS
QUALITIES OF ANIMAL TISSUE IN ORDER TO
MORE PLEASANTLY ENJOY MASTICATION

OCTOBER 24: THE COOL MOIST RIDGES OF A BITTEN
FRUIT PRESSED LIGHTLY AGAINST CHEEK
An image which moves

SEXUAL ORIENTATION DAY
Geophysical orientation day

A receptacle for used spines

AND TESTICLES AGAINST A THINLY UPHOL-
STERED CHAIR

OCTOBER 25: A SONG IN HONOR OF WINGS ELEVATING
FORMS

ANXIOUS JELLYFISH

WORDS THAT CRAWL FAR FROM HOME
Irritation Late morning

OCTOBER 26: A GEOMETRIC FORT MADE FROM TWINE
AND SAPLINGS

ISLAND DAY

A CLEAR PIPE LEADING TO A MOTEL BELOW
THE SEA DAY

KISSES THAT TASTE LIKE BOILED WEEDS

OCTOBER 27: A JASMINE SHAPED RASH

OCTOBER 28: OTHER LAND MASS DAY

OCTOBER 29: A DISC HAVING THE OPTION OF MEAT OR
MEATLESSNESS

OCTOBER 30: A PAPER ANALOG

OCTOBER 31: AN AUTHENTICALLY BLUE ANIMAL

BUT EMERSON SAYS, "THE BODY
IS A METRE. THE EYE APPRECIATES
FINER DIFFERENCES THAN ART
CAN EXPOSE."

Matthew Shindell

In the evening, I don't know why,
maybe to be witty, I saw shapes in the trees.
I said, there is a man on his donkey.
There is a duck. And that, that looks
like cherubim hanging. Loud music
played from a car passing in the distance.
What happened next? I couldn't watch.
The woman in the car took a bite out
of an apple and discovered a man's head.
That was the story as it came to us
across the forest. As the head, struck
by an airplane's propeller, flew above us
and landed in the crotch of a maple.
Where the air—the very air from which
it fell—had the voice of the Apocrypha.
I felt I should be wearing
one of my suits. Or gloves. I wanted
to handle the evidence. Take it back
to my room and spread it over and against
the bed. To know the feeling of actually

being inside your body with a lost piece
of paper. The hotel's ledger. To know
intimately the rooms in which a people sleep.

DISPATCH

Erik Satie

Stockholm, 12 February 1918

The news from Petrograd is not reassuring, but leads us to expect calm to return. Two regiments of Cossacks are without Cassocks. Rada has had her portrait painted. Since the land was redistributed, potatoes have become inedible. They refuse to pay thumb tacks and run up and down the avenues yelling. Rada's portrait exploded, on Thursday evening.

I am told the Red guards drink wine that same colour. This morning the sun got up and went straight back to bed. There is a rumour the Cossacks have found the Cossacks' cassocks. It is forbidden from now on for night watchmen to stay up at night. In the main streets, maximalists slit open the bellies of sacks of gold, or strangle them. Yesterday, the news from the South was warmer; from the North, very cold.

The Soviet of Priests is having churches razed with razors once a week. Rada will dance this evening for the white guards. As a precaution the papers have stopped firing cannon & will fire off only one copy. The fire-guards have rebelled.

The "Russian Invalid" declares that Rada is to be married. All the banks opened last Monday at midnight. Trotsky has been run down by a hansom cab. Petrograd has gone back to the way it looked before the war; & the theatres play skittles from morn till night.

The banks have just closed. Trotsky has set off for Brest-Litovsk taking Rada with him. The Soviet of Priests has issued a revision: churches must

let their beards grow. Last night, watchmen stayed up all night. Today, the sun did not get up at all. The trains are packed with potatoes going back South. Ukraine refuses to divide the land into more than a thousand pieces. The government has fallen into the hands of potatoes.

THE WIRES

THE MUSICIAN'S DAY

An Artist must regulate his life.

This is the precise timetable of my daily acts.

I rise: at 07.18; inspired: from 10.23 to 11.47. I lunch at 12.11 and leave the table at 12.14.

Constitutional ride around my estate: from 13.19 to 14.53. Further inspiration: from 15.12 to 16.07.

Various activities (fencing, reflection, immobility, visits, contemplation, dexterity, swimming, etc.): from 16.21 to 18.47.

Dinner is served at 19.16 and ends at 19.20. Followed by symphonic readings, aloud: from 20.09 to 21.59.

I retire with regularity at 22.37. Once a week, I wake up with a start at 03.19 (on Tuesdays).

I eat only white victuals: eggs, sugar, grated bones; the fat of dead animals; veal, salt, coconuts, chicken cooked in white water; fruit mould, rice, turnips; camphorised sausage, pasta, cheese (cream), cotton salad and certain kinds of fish (without the skin).

I have my wine boiled, and drink it cold with fuchsia juice. I am a hearty eater; but never speak while eating, for fear of strangling.

I breathe with care (a little at a time). I very rarely dance. When walking, I hold my sides, and stare fixedly behind me.

I look very serious, and if I laugh, it is never on purpose. I always apologise, and do so most affably.

I sleep with only one eye; I sleep very hard. My bed is round, with a hole to put my head through. Every hour a servant takes my temperature and gives me a new one.

I have subscribed for many years to a fashion magazine. I wear a white cap, white stockings, and a white waistcoat.

My doctor has always told me to smoke. He adds to his advice:

"You should smoke, my friend: for if you don't, someone else will smoke in your place."

INTELLIGENCE AND MUSICALITY AMONG ANIMALS

The intelligence of animals is beyond denial. But what does man do to improve the mental state of these submissive fellow-citizens? He gives them mediocre, interrupted, incomplete education, which a child would not choose for itself; and the dear little person would be quite right. This education consists largely of developing the atavistic instinct for cruelty and vice which persists in most individuals. There is never any mention in this teaching programme of art, or literature, or natural or social sciences, or other subjects. Carrier pigeons are not prepared for their mission at any time, by an acquaintance with geography; fish are kept from studying oceanography; cattle, sheep, calves are completely ignorant about the systematic layout of the modern slaughterhouse, and have no idea of their nutritional role in the society man has built for himself.

Few animals have the benefit of human education. Dogs, mules, horses, donkeys, parrots, blackbirds and one or two others are the only animals which receive anything resembling an education. And then it is more like simple up-bringing than anything else.

If you will compare this education for a moment to the instruction provided by our universities to a young human bachelor, you will see that it is worthless and can do nothing to enlarge or make accessible the knowledge the animal has acquired through its work, performed with such application. But musically! Horses have learnt to dance; spiders have sat under a piano the whole way through long concerts, specially organised for them by a respected master of the keyboard.

And besides that? Nothing. Here and there we are told about the musicality of starlings, or the crow's ability to remember tunes, or the owl's ingenious

harmony when it accompanies itself by beating on its belly, a purely artificial means giving meagre polyphony.

As for the nightingale which is endlessly referred to, its musical knowledge is enough to make the most ignorant listener shrug his shoulders. Not only is its voice not trained, but it knows nothing about keys, or pitch, or mode, or rhythm. It may well be gifted. Quite possibly; in fact, quite certainly. But one can say firmly that its artistic development is not on par with its natural gifts, and that the voice it is so proud of, is only a very inferior instrument which in itself is useless.

—translated from the French by Antony Melville

MAPS

Elisabeth Whitehead

I watch the light move slowly over a dog's smooth throat
the trees are lit strings
10 old women stay last until they have weighed fire in scales
and thrown bags of pennies where the hawks made rips
around the houses by the ledger they've lost 6 bags of sugar
the wallpaper rolls down
as a heap of clothes diamonds will be left behind in locked
boxes lining the inside-walls but they were only
glass and the houses false fronts my hands the hanging curtains
up over my face
the guards will say I do not now recognize you
the trees are hollow throats and 5 strewn hawk nests

*

I watch over the dog's throat these grey stairs sized like houses
and the sound of a trap door shutting when I climb them
and the sound of a hawk lined box when I climb them
the water bled map folds as door-shapes in my pocket

*

there are twins of myself
I carry a lantern a lighter a sealed over box
this time the corner-built lions have starved themselves into matches
I throw a long-coat over so no one can see

these are twins of myself I cannot cross
the lined guards at the top they link arms walk
in rows the birds rub snow or white gravel
into their small eyes I am a blind walking away

*

the guards whisper over their smooth throats and hold
pin lights up to each other's eyes their faces
are drawn down as heavy cloth bags how they gather
at the top and you will believe what you want
the ground covers over in old horse racing tickets
I cut at it and IO guards curl their thumbs
over knives or piece water in cups
it is temperance and I do not know what to hold any longer
I throw my hand up
over my face but you throw your hand
up over yours then hide a water bled map in a hawk's chest
or throat it is for distance only and I do not know
or recognize you
the trees are women standing

BIG BIG PAPER

Mosby Swift Hilliard

Big big paper in front of my eye
it feels like it's been there
for five long long lives.

CONTRIBUTORS

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GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS (82 BC-52 BC) spent much of his life in Rome. Though well-regarded during his lifetime, his poems were lost for centuries until they resurfaced in Verona, his hometown, in the late 13th century.

GILLIAN CONOLEY's most recent book of poems is *Lovers in the Used World*, (Carnegie Mellon University Press). A chapbook, *Fatherless Afternoon*, is forthcoming from Les Ferris Editions.

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CORT DAY's *The Chime* was published by Alice James Books in 2001. He

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LARRY EIGNER (1927-1996) was born in Swampscott, Massachusetts. His first volume of poetry, *From The Sustaining Air* (from which these poems are reprinted), was published in 1953 by Robert Creeley's Divers Press and reprinted in 1988 by Coincidence Press. *From the Sustaining Air/Look at the Park/On My Eyes*, an edition collecting Eigner's first three books of poetry is forthcoming from Tuumba Press.

JEFF HILLIARD and NINA SWIFT's cover is an introduction to their jubilat portfolio 21. They live and work in Brookline, Massachusetts.

MOSBY SWIFT HILLIARD is seven years old, lives in Brookline, Massachusetts and loves tigers.

SUSAN HOLAHAN's first collection, *Sister Betty Reads the Whole You*, won the Peregrine Smith Prize in 1998. She lives and writes in rural Vermont

BHANU KAPIL RIDER lives in Loveland, Colorado. Her books include *The Vertical Interrogation of Strangers* and *Autobiography of a Cyborg*.

L. S. KLATT teaches and writes in Athens, Georgia. His poetry and reviews have appeared in *New Orleans Review*, *The Georgia Review*, and *Verse*.

MARK LAMOUREUX lives in Allston, Massachusetts. His work has appeared in *Can We Have Our Ball Back?*, *The Muse*

Apprentice Guild, and *Shampoo*.

SUSANNA LANG is a poet, essayist and translator. She lives in Chicago and teaches at Thurgood Marshall Middle School.

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA (1898-1936) was one of Spain's greatest poets. The letters and the lecture reprinted here (c) Herederos de Federico García Lorca. English translations by Christopher Maurer (c) Christopher Maurer and Herederos de Federico García Lorca. All rights reserved. For information contact lorca@artslaw.co.uk.

CHRISTOPHER MAURER is head of the Department of Spanish, French, Italian and Portuguese at the University of Illinois.

ANTONY MELVILLE has translated the work of Andre Breton, Paul Eluard and Phillipe Soupault among others.

EUGENE OSTASHEVSKY's *The Off-Centaur* was published by Germ Folios/Poetic Research Bloc. He lives in Brooklyn and is currently translating the poetry of 1930s Russian absurdism.

ERIK SATIE (1866-1925) was a composer born in Normandy, France. Dismissed by some during his lifetime as an eccentric, he is now seen as a key influence on 20th century music and is credited with pre-figuring such developments as Neo-Classicism, Minimalism and Ambient music. Selections reprinted from *A Mammal's Notebook*, *Collected Writings of Erik Satie*, Ed.

Ornella Volta, with permission from Atlas Press.

JAMES SHEA recently completed a fellowship to study haiku at the University of Utsunomiya in Japan. He lives in Chicago and is translating the work of poet Ozaki Hosai.

MATTHEW SHINDELL lives and writes in Phoenix, Arizona.

LAURA SIMS lives in New York City.

RICK SNYDER's translations of Catullus' poems 1-30, *This Charming New Chapbook*, appeared earlier this year on *Situations*, and his essay on recent translations of Paul Celan appeared in *Radical Society*.

MARINA TSVETAIEVA (1892-1941) was born in Moscow, and was at the forefront of both the Acmeist and Symbolist movements in Russia.

IAN WEST is working on editing a collection of Marianne Moore's poems.

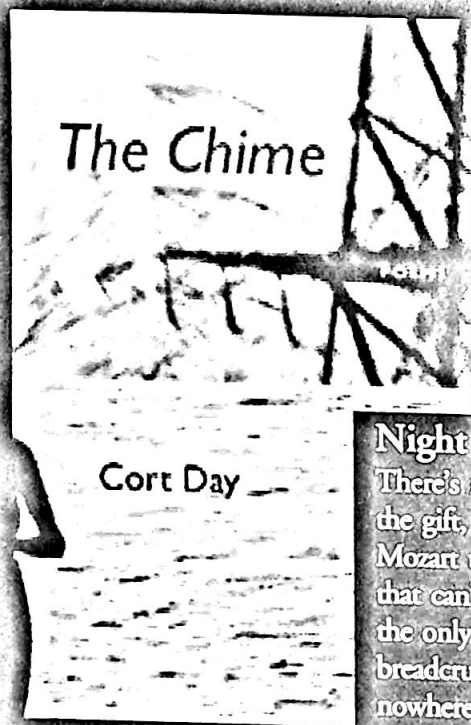
ELISABETH WHITEHEAD is on a Fulbright fellowship to study Finnish fairy tales in Helsinki.

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892), often considered one of the fathers of Contemporary American Poetry, published the first volume of *Leaves of Grass* in 1855. Over his lifetime he published several additional expanded editions of the seminal work.

SASHA WIZANSKY is the art editor of *American Letters & Commentary*. She lives in San Francisco; her website is www.squashco.com.

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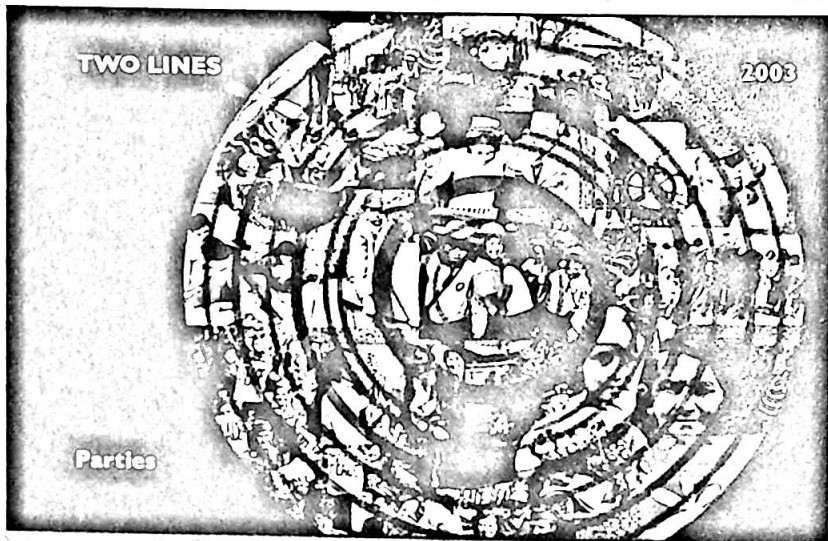
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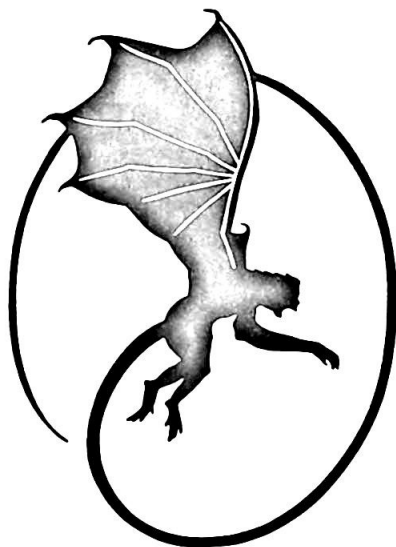
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